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OF THE

PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGINIA

OF THE

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

OF

MASSACHUSETTS AND RHODE ISLAND,

MAY, 1859.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE DE MOLAY ENCAMPMENT.

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Boston, June 1, 1859.

At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements having in charge the late visit of the Sir Knights of the De Molay Encampment to Richmond, Virginia. it was unanimously voted that a full and complete history of their pilgrimage be published in book form, and that Sir Knight E. C. Bailey be a Committee to superintend the publication of the same. and also that he be authorized to employ Mr. Henry R. Tracy, of the Boston Herald, to assist him in preparing the account for the press.

SERENO D. NICKERSON, *Secretary.*

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PREFACE.

The visit of the Knights Templars of Boston and Providence to Richmond in May, 1859, was an event of no common interest, significance, and importance in the annals of the year. It was not only a meeting between companies of that noble Order which has linked a chain of fraternity around the world, but it was a mingling of patriotic feeling by American citizens whose forefathers mingled their blood in the crimson stains of the Revolutionary battle-fields, and whose martyr dust now mingles in the soil consecrated to freedom by their valor and devotion. It was not only a convocation and festival of the Sir Knights of De Molay and St. John and the Richmond Commandery, but it was the children of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Virginia clasping each other in a brotherly embrace, and, while enjoying the blessings that flow so richly from the compact

made by their fathers, strengthening that compact by pledging each other foot to foot, eye to eye, and hand to hand. It was a pilgrimage from the patriot shrines of New England to the land of Washington, of Henry, and of a host of noble spirits now in communion with those good and true men, who rest from their labors, and look down upon a mighty republic, which was builded and fostered by their hands, and guided to a high place among the nations. It was the descendants of the pupils and disciples of Cotton Mather and Roger Williams, of Warren and Greene, going down to the sacred places where they might listen to the undying echoes of Patrick Henry's cry for liberty, and Washington's Farewell Address.

All the circumstances of the occasion conspired to render it a memorable and happy event in the lives of those who participated in it. The excursionists passed through the chief cities of America. They visited the Capital of the nation, and the Tomb of Washington. Their route led them across the fairest portions of the eastern border of our country, by a mode of conveyance so rapid, while, at the same time, it was most comfortable, that they could see the gradations of climate, as marked in vegetation through a wide range of latitude, giving them a realizing sense of the

immense variety of resources embraced in this glorious union of States. Starting from Boston when the herbage was but ankle-deep, they found themselves, at the end of their journey, surrounded by roses in full bloom; after having passed through fields and farms whose trees and grain displayed increasing signs of maturity as they sped southward, until they exchanged their chill and backward climate for one in which Nature smiled in all the loveliness of summer. They found the kindly feeling and hospitality of their Southern brethren in as full and expansive bloom as the flowers that decked the fair city of Richmond, and were welcomed by hearts as warm as the sunshine which bathed the hills and valleys of the Old Dominion.

This was the first opportunity ever enjoyed by most of the company to visit Washington, Mount Vernon, or the soil of Virginia, — that historic ground, so rich in memories of the first settlement of this continent by the men who laid the foundations of our government, — the land where that drama was enacted by Pocahontas which will be famous in history until America has been forgotten. How well the Sir Knights enjoyed this opportunity, what pleasure it afforded them, and how grateful is their remembrance of it, can only

be told by each for himself. It will doubtless be recorded as one of the happiest experiences of their lives.

The excursion was conducted with so much skill, that nothing was left to be desired by any one; for they had only to place themselves in the care of its managers, and they were transported without trouble or annoyance of any kind to the place of their destination, six hundred miles away, and restored in health and safety to their homes at the hour appointed.

It is not pretended by the compilers of this history of the excursion and the festivities at Richmond, that it will describe adequately all the interesting scenes and events that occurred, but it is hoped that the record made in the following pages may revive in the bosoms of the Sir Knights many of the pleasurable emotions they experienced, and also afford, in its perusal, some gratification to their brothers of the Masonic fraternity, and to the public.

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PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

Visit of the Richmond Commandery, K. T., to Boston, in June, 1858. — Their Invitation to De Molay and St. John's Encampments to visit Richmond.

The pilgrimage of the Sir Knights of the De Molay Encampment of Boston, Mass., and the St. John's Encampment, of Providence, R. I., to Richmond, Va., on the 13th of May, 1859, originated under the following circumstances.

In response to an invitation extended to them by the De Molay Encampment, the Richmond Commandery No. 2 of Virginia Knights Templars visited Boston on the 23d day of June, 1858, and participated in the celebration of St. John's Day, the 24th. The Richmond Knights, under command of E. H. Gill, E. G. C., were met in Providence in the morning by a committee of the De Molay Encampment, and were hospitably received by the St. John's Encampment, with whom they dined. On their arrival in Boston in the afternoon, they were received at the Providence Depot by a delegation of the De Molays, headed by the Hon. Moses Kimball, and

escorted across the Common to the quarters provided for them at the American House, in Hanover Street. Several thousand people were assembled upon the Common, and a salute was fired in honor of the arrival of the Richmond Knights by the Light Artillery, under command of Captain Nims.

The scene upon the Common was a brilliant one. Our citizens seemed anxious to greet the strangers from Virginia in the most cordial manner, and lined the route through which they passed to their hotel in great numbers, manifesting the greatest enthusiasm at the sight of their Southern brethren.

On the evening of the 23d, the Sir Knights of Richmond accepted an invitation to attend the Museum, where "The Heir at Law" was performed. The next morning they were escorted by the De Molay Encampment, all being in full regalia and accompanied by a band of music, through several of the principal streets, to Charlestown, where they visited Bunker Hill, and were welcomed in a speech by Sir Knight George Washington Warren, President of the Bunker Hill Monument Association. Sir Knight J. B. Crenshaw of Richmond responded, in an eloquent and impressive manner. The Knights were entertained sumptuously by Sir Knight George Stimpson, and other citizens of Charlestown, and, after spending some time very agreeably in that city, the Commanderies returned to Boston. They marched to the Music Hall, which place they reached at three o'clock, P. M. An interesting address, in commemoration of St. John's Day, was here delivered by Sir Knight George M. Randall, D. D., of Boston. A poem in honor of De Molay, the martyr, was read by Sir John H. Shepard, and other interest-

ing exercises, interspersed with music, completed the programme of the occasion.

From the Music Hall the Commanderies, accompanied by the chief officers of the Masonic Order in New England, who were the invited guests of the De Molay Encampment, marched to the American House, where in the evening a grand banquet was served. The banquet was succeeded by speeches and toasts, in which a most agreeable interchange of patriotic and friendly sentiment between the gentlemen of the North and the South was made.

On the next morning, it being Friday, the 25th, the Sir Knights of Richmond were taken in carriages by their Boston friends to Mount Auburn, the Arsenal in Watertown, the Brookline Reservoir, and some other places of interest in the suburbs. The visiting Knights apparently enjoyed very much this excursion in the environs of Boston. In the afternoon of Friday the Commanderies proceeded down the harbor in the steamer Neptune, partaking of a chowder and other refreshments on board. After a very pleasant sail, and a visit to the public institutions upon the islands, the company returned to the city and repaired to the Masonic Temple, where some time was profitably spent in the work of the Order. In the evening the Knights attended the Boston Theatre in a body.

On Saturday the Richmond Knights visited the State House, the Free Library, and some other public places, and in the afternoon were escorted to the Providence Depot, whence they took their departure for home. They were handsomely received in Providence by the members of the St. John's Encampment, during the brief time they were able to remain in that city.

We have given in brief the leading features of the visit of the Richmond Commandery to Boston. The time was filled up, between the intervals of the more public demonstrations, with acts of kindness and social intercourse, which resulted in binding the Virginians and their New England brothers in the closest bonds of friendship.

The parade of the Commanderies in regalia on St. John's Day was a pleasing and imposing spectacle, which was witnessed by many thousands of the citizens of Boston and its suburbs, who were attracted to the streets on the route of the procession by the beauty and novelty of the scene.

This visit of the Richmond Encampment to Boston resulted in their extending an invitation to the encampments of De Molay and St. John to visit Richmond, and prompt action was taken by them, as will appear from the following record of their proceedings, which was duly transmitted to Boston.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE RICHMOND COMMANDERY.

At a meeting of Richmond Commandery No. 2, of K. T., Virginia, held in their Asylum in the City of Richmond, on Saturday evening, July 10th, A. L. 5858, A. I. 757, A. D. 1858, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, and a copy ordered to be transmitted to De Molay Encampment of Boston, Massachusetts: —

1. That no brilliant array of words, nor artistic effort of eloquence, would adequately express our feelings at the cordial welcome and knightly courtesy with which we were received and entertained by De Molay Encampment, on our late pilgrimage to the tomb of the immortal Warren. We are persuaded "that it was good for us to be there"; the

sentiments then expressed must tend not only to bind in closer union the Sir Knights of our respective Commanderies, heretofore strangers, but now such no longer, and we believe that through them the ancient and firm links between "Old Massachusetts" and "Old Virginia" were in no slight degree renewed and strengthened.

2. That to particularize the names of individuals, when all did so much to contribute to our happiness during our sojourn, would be an invidious, as well as hopeless task; we trust, therefore, that the simple but deep-felt expression of thanks now tendered to each and every member of De Molay Encampment, will be understood to mean all that a Knight Templar could say, and all that a Knight Templar would wish to hear.

3. That the inestimable relics of our Revolution, mementos of the ancient renown of Massachusetts and Virginia, the twin sisters of '76, shall be cherished while life lasts with a veneration as deep as could have been felt by the Sir Knights of old;—jewels indeed are they beyond price;—and dying we will bequeath them to our successors, as a rich legacy, not only because they are memorials of our fathers' achievements, but also to remind them of the late cordial reunion of their children.

4. That we tender, through De Molay Encampment, our sincere thanks to the municipal authorities, as well as to the citizens of Boston generally, whose uniformly polite and kind attentions fully entitle their city to be styled the "Athens of America."

5. That our peculiar thanks are also due for the beautiful specimen of work exemplified by De Molay Encampment, of which we will mark our appreciation by endeavoring to imitate its excellence.

6. That in commemoration of our pilgrimage to the tomb of Warren, and as a slight mark of our appreciation of the courtesy and hospitality with which we were received, the Council of De Molay Encampment, Boston, in perpetuity, be and are hereby recorded as Honorary Members of Richmond Commandery No. 2.

7. That we consider De Molay Encampment *pledged* to return our visit, either on 13th May, 24th June, or at any other time during the year 1859 that may suit their convenience.

E. H. GILL, *E. G. Commander.*
R. O. HASKINS, *Generalissimo.*
JNO. F. REGNAULT, *Captain-General.*
THOS. H. DEWITT, *Prelate.*

WM. J. RIDDICK, *Recorder.*

In February last the De Molay Encampment voted to accept the invitation of their Richmond brothers, and the following letter was addressed to them by Sir Knight William Parkman.

DE MOLAY ENCAMPMENT,
Boston, Feb. 13, 1859.

MOST E. G. COMMANDER AND SIR KNIGHTS
OF RICHMOND COMMANDERY NO. 2:—

At a regular meeting of De Molay Encampment holden this evening, the communication some time since received from you, conveying to us your very kind regards, and very flattering resolutions, together with your cordial invitation to visit you, was duly placed before the Encampment, and it was unanimously voted that we accept with great pleasure your cordial invitation to visit you upon the coming 13*th of May*, provided we can obtain a sufficient number to come. We apprise you of this fact at our earliest convenience; and as an apology "for seeming neglect" would inform you that our dearly beloved Commander, Sir Knight Walker, has for a long time been so seriously indisposed as to be unable to meet with us, to take any part in the affairs of the Encampment, or even to attend to his private pursuits. He is now away, endeavoring to recruit his shattered health. Meantime, as soon as any of our arrangements are perfected, you shall be advised; at present we have but determined to come.

Herewith we would assure your Encampment your very

kindly expressions are fully and entirely reciprocated by every member of De Molay Encampment, and the distinguished honor you have conferred upon our Council is duly appreciated.

In the name and behalf of De Molay Encampment, and assuring you of the knightly esteem of our every member,

We are, fraternally,

WILLIAM PARKMAN, *Generalissimo.*

To E. H. Gill, *M. E. G. C. Richmond Encampment No. 2.*

The following courteous reply to the above was received by the De Molay Encampment: —

Lynchburg, Va., March 7, 1859.

Sir Knight and Dear Sir: —

I was highly gratified by the receipt of your favor of the 4th instant, as it sealed the fact that we should have the pleasure of grasping the hands of the members of your Encampment once again, and that too in "Old Virginia." In reply to your inquiry, I can only say that we do not intend to celebrate any particular object or occasion other than to do honor to our visiting brethren from Boston and Providence, to whom we feel that all honor is due. The 13th of May, being the day on which De Molay suffered martyrdom, has been recommended by our General Grand Encampment to subordinates as a day to be observed, and on that account we preferred that you should be with us on that day, particularly as the weather about that time in this State is exceedingly pleasant. I regret to hear of the indisposition of Commander Walker, and sincerely hope that he will not be prevented from accompanying you.

Please present my warmest regards to the Sir Knights of your Encampment, and believe me,

Respectfully and fraternally yours,

E. H. GILL.

Sir William Parkman, *C. Gen. &c.*

Some further correspondence took place, in which the preliminaries of the excursion were settled, and, at the request of the Richmond Commandery, who stated that an intervening Sunday would interfere with the programme they desired to carry out, it was finally decided that the visiting Sir Knights should arrive in Richmond on Monday, May 16th, instead of Friday, the 13th, as had first been proposed.

A meeting of the De Molay Encampment was held, April 1st, and the following Sir Knights were appointed a Committee of Arrangements for the visit to Virginia.

E. C. Bailey,	Boston.
Gen. John S. Tyler,	"
J. W. Ward,	"
C. E. King,	"
J. J. Whiting,	"
Sereno D. Nickerson,	"
Dr. J. A. Cummings,	"
Gen. William Sutton,	Salem.
Stephen A. Tripp,	New Bedford.
Linnæus Wood,	"

A meeting of the Committee was promptly held, and they immediately organized by the choice of E. C. Bailey, Chairman, and Sereno D. Nickerson, Secretary. The Committee applied themselves with energy to the discharge of their duties, and when the day fixed for their departure arrived, all was in readiness. How successful they were in the prosecution of the enterprise will appear to the reader, as the narrative progresses.

Meanwhile, the following correspondence took place between the Boston and De Molay Encampments in reference to the excursion, which explains itself sufficiently. The Boston Encampment addressed the De Molay Encampment the following letter.

BOSTON ENCAMPMENT,
May 10, 1859.

TO THE M. E. GRAND COMMANDER OF
DE MOLAY ENCAMPMENT: —

Dear Sir and Brother, — Boston Encampment, having heard with much pleasure of the proposed visit of the Sir Knights under your command to our much esteemed brethren in Richmond, Virginia, adopted unanimously, at a special meeting on Thursday last, the following vote: —

Resolved, That Boston Encampment tender to the De Molay Encampment a reception and entertainment upon their return from Virginia.

The undersigned, the committee to whom the above matter was referred, would respectfully tender to the De Molay Encampment an escort, and collation at Parker's, upon their return; and, in behalf of Boston Encampment, would be happy to meet them at such time and place as they may designate.

Fraternally yours,

WM. ELLISON,
JOHN M'CLELLAN,
CHAS. B. F. ADAMS,
W. BOGLE,
JNO. K. HALL,
WYZEMAN MARSHALL,
SAMUEL PEARCE.

To the above, the De Molay Encampment replied as follows: —

DE MOLAY ENCAMPMENT,
Boston, May 12, 1859.

DEAR SIR KNIGHTS AND BROTHERS: —

I am instructed by the Committee of Arrangements for the excursion of the De Molay Encampment to Richmond, to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed letter of the 10th instant, covering a resolution of your Encampment to "tender to the De Molay Encampment a reception and entertainment upon their return from Virginia."

The De Molay Encampment receive this invitation in the same spirit of brotherly love in which it is tendered, and cheerfully accept it.

For the information of the Committee of the Boston Encampment, we beg leave to state that our return to Boston is fixed for Tuesday the 24th instant; our arrangements are, to leave Providence in the train which starts at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day; we propose to stop at the Depot of the Roxbury Crossing, and will receive the escort of your Encampment there, or any other point in Roxbury or Boston which your Committee may deem the most eligible.

I cannot close this letter without expressing for the Committee, and in behalf of the Encampment for which we are acting, our high appreciative sense of the honor you propose to confer upon us; and believe me, it will not be the least of the pleasurable recollections connected with the visit to our Virginia brethren, that our esteemed brethren at home — those who are our more immediate brethren and familiar friends — have united to welcome us back to the spot where our homes, our fondest hopes, and dearest memories reside.

Fraternally yours,

E. C. BAILEY, *Chairman.*

To Wm. Ellison, *M. E. Grand Commander*, John M'Clellan, Chas. B. F. Adams, Wm. Bogle, John K. Hall, Wyzeman Marshall, Samuel Pearce, *Committee of Boston Encampment.*

All things now being prepared for the excursion and the reception at home, we are brought to the conclusion of this chapter.

CHAPTER II.

The Departure of the Sir Knights from Boston. — They take up the Sir Knights of Providence, and proceed to Washington. — Their Reception at the Capital.

On the afternoon of the thirteenth day of May, the anniversary of the martyrdom of the wise and virtuous James De Molay, who was immolated for refusing to abjure the principles of his order, the De Molay Encampment, Knights Templars, of Boston, set forth upon their pilgrimage to Virginia. The weather was beautiful, and all the circumstances of their departure were auspicious of the success which was to crown their expedition. The Encampment met at Nassua Hall, at three o'clock, where they went through the evolutions of the drill, and marched thence, accompanied by Gilmore's Band, through Common, Tremont, and Eliot Streets, to the Providence Depot.

At the Depot many hundred gentlemen and ladies were assembled to give a friendly parting word to the Pilgrim Knights. Hearty cheers ascended and handkerchiefs were waved as the cars left the Depot, the band playing the air of "The Girl I left behind me."

Arriving in Providence at seven o'clock, the Sir Knights found the brothers of the St. John's Encampment in the Depot, ready to proceed to Stonington. The

Providence Encampment was accompanied by Green's American Brass Band. They had paraded through the principal streets of the city during the afternoon, attracting much attention, and a dense crowd filled the Depot to witness the arrival of the De Molays and the departure of both Encampments. The scene in the neighborhood of the Depot, like that in Boston, was an animated one, — those who remained at home sympathizing with departing friends in their anticipations of pleasure.

Several of the Sir Knights were accompanied by their wives and sisters, and when fairly embarked for Stonington the entire company was something over two hundred in number.

The Knights of De Molay wore no distinguishing badge except black cloth caps, ornamented with a narrow gold band and a red Maltese cross. The Knights of St. John were dressed in black frock-coats, with standing collars ornamented with a silver cross upon the right-hand side. They also wore fatigue caps having a silver band, and the Maltese cross in front. The regalia and standards of the Encampments had been forwarded directly to Richmond.

When fairly embarked together, the two Encampments and the whole company became as one family, and the greatest sociality prevailed. The monotony and the various discomforts that persons experience when travelling alone were avoided. The baggage of the whole party was under the charge of an agent, who relieved individuals of all care in respect to it. Thus they proceeded comfortably and happily to Stonington, and were transferred from the cars to that noble steamer, the Plymouth Rock.

Good quarters having been secured on board the boat, and supper despatched in a satisfactory style, the com-

pany repaired to the grand saloon; and while the steamer swept on through Long Island Sound, leaving a sheet of foam behind her like the train of a queen's robe, the hours were beguiled in listening to the excellent music of the bands until bed-time. Toward midnight the moonlight, which had flooded the Sound with silver, became mixed with fog in the proportion of two parts of fog to one of moonlight, and the blowing of the steam-whistle and the solemn toll of fog-bells served to give variety to the dreams of the voyagers.

The boat was so delayed by the fog that she arrived in New York an hour later than usual, and the company on landing were obliged to march immediately to the ferry, to reach the morning train for Philadelphia. Breakfast had been served on board the Plymouth Rock before she reached her pier, and on finding that the Philadelphia train had waited ten minutes for them, the party took possession of the cars, with many thanks for having escaped an undesirable detention in New York.

The trip through New Jersey was made with safety, and the verdure of the fields and the champagne blossoms of the orchards inclined many of the company to acknowledge that this was one of the States, and not an independent kingdom, as has been often intimated by slanderous persons. On arriving in Philadelphia, a number of omnibuses, provided by the Committee of Arrangements, conveyed the party across the City of Brotherly Love to the depot of the Baltimore Railroad. Here some of the hungry ones, who had neglected to secure a breakfast on board the Plymouth Rock, employed the small leisure afforded them in patronizing the eating-houses near at hand, a proceeding which was hardly necessary, for sandwiches and other refreshments were provided by

the officers of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Company in their cars for this especial occasion.

The journey grew more delightful as they proceeded southward, the vegetation of the country on either hand unfolding itself in greater and still greater profusion; and the excursionists were interested in noting the gradations of forwardness in the gardens and fields, as they receded from the direction of the Arctic regions and approached the tropics. The children were barefoot in New Jersey, the peas were in blossom around Philadelphia, and in Washington they found trees, flowers, and plants in full foliage and bloom.

The most disagreeable portion of the trip was that between Baltimore and Washington, where the company were crowded into somewhat scanty space in the train, riding in a cloud of dust that would have done credit to Sahara.

They arrived in Washington at six o'clock, and were met at the railroad station by the Sir Knights of Washington Commandery No. 1, B. B. French, Eminent Grand Commander, arrayed in full regalia, and accompanied by Withers's Brass Band. The Commanderies formed in line and were escorted to the Capitol and marched through the public grounds, and thence up Pennsylvania Avenue to their quarters at the National Hotel.

Seldom has the sun gilded with his declining rays a fairer scene than on that afternoon. Within the area of the public grounds, surrounded with thick, clustering trees heavy laden with foliage, were some thousands of spectators,—handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen, matrons and frolicking children, white babies enveloped in lace in

the arms of black nurses, like bouquets of lilies in ebony holders, — the Marine Band, in scarlet uniform, occupying a stand in the centre; and when the long procession of Sir Knights marched around the semicircular avenue, which sweeps past the steps of the Capitol, to the thrilling sounds of martial music, the picture was an animating and exceedingly beautiful one.

Having arrived at the National Hotel, there was much ablution and dusting of apparel, and some bewailing the mischance by which the baggage of the party had been detained one train, — so that the travellers were bereft of their fresh wardrobe until the next morning. It was not possible, however, to remain uncomfortable for any great length of time under the care and attentions bestowed upon them by their hosts. An excellent supper at eight o'clock had a wonderful effect in restoring their spirits, after the necessarily irregular meals they had taken for the last twenty-four hours. The evening was spent by each according to his pleasure. Some strolled upon the Avenue, and others gave their attention to the music of Gilmore's Band, in front of the hotel, which attracted a crowd of admiring listeners. Later in the evening, a number of the St. John's Encampment, with the Providence Band, proceeded to the White House and serenaded the President.

Mr. Buchanan, who had retired, came to his chamber-window, and addressed them briefly. He thanked them for the compliment paid him, and said that their music was good; but there was something more charming to him than music, — the good wishes and kind regards of his fellow-citizens. He rejoiced to see his friends from the East, on their way to Virginia. He believed that these visits of men of the North to men of the South, and men of the South to men of the North, were calcu-

lated to do away their prejudices against each other, and promote a national feeling among those who ought to be brothers. He was sure that, the better they know each other, the better they will like each other. The President wished the party a pleasant journey to Richmond, and hoped that on their return he might see them by daylight, take them by the hand, and extend to them the honors of the White House.

The party then proceeded to the mansion of the Mayor, and serenaded him. Mayor Berrett promptly made his appearance, and thanked them cordially for the compliment in a brief and happily worded speech.

Nothing now remained for the Sir Knights but to retire, and prepare for the coming Sabbath.

At the first roll-call in Washington, the excursion party was found to consist of the following Sir Knights: —

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS AND RHODE ISLAND.

Winslow Lewis, M. D., *Grand Master.*
John Flint, M. D., *Past Grand Master.*

DE MOLAY ENCAMPMENT, OF BOSTON.

William Parkman, *M. E. G. Commander.*
Charles Robbins, *Generalissimo.*
John S. Tyler, *Captain-General.*
L. L. Tarbell, *Prelate.*
P. Adams Ames, *Senior Warden.*
Benjamin Dean, *Junior Warden.*
John A. Cummings, *Treasurer.*
S. H. Gregory, *Recorder.*
Isaac Cary, *Sword-Bearer.*
J. J. Whiting, S. W. Nichols, } *Standard-Bearers.*

WILLIAM B. FOWLE, Jr., *Warder.*
WILLIAM F. DAVIS, *Third Guard.*
CALEB EATON, *Second Guard.*
MARLBOROUGH WILLIAMS, *First Guard.*
JOHN BIGELOW, *Sentinel.*
EBEN F. GAY, *Armorer.*

C. H. Appleton,
H. E. Armington,
W. K. Bacall,
E. C. Bailey,
Benjamin Beal,
Moses H. Bliss,
Edward Bush,
Francis Bush,
W. W. Capen,
T. H. Carruth,
J. H. Cheney,
George W. Churchill,
William Clapp,
Cyrus T. Clarke,
John M. Clarke,
S. W. Clifford,
J. H. Collins,
Edwin Covington,
A. S. Cushman,
J. S. Damrell,
C. K. Darling,
C. A. Davis,
Henry Davis,
C. H. Dillaway,
Pierpont Edwards,
C. J. Fox,
S. L. French,
Nathan Frye,
Benjamin Graves,
Gardner Greenleaf,
Peter C. Jones,
James D. Kent,
Carmi E. King,
C. B. Leavitt,
Job Lockwood,
James M. Lowden,
Warren Mallard,
William B. May,
John F. Mills,
Henry Mulliken,
S. D. Nickerson,
Charles B. Rice,
J. M. Richardson,
C. E. Robinson,
Thomas Sprague,
George Stimpson, Jr.
William Sutton,
B. F. Tenny,
H. F. Thomas,
Jacob Todd,
S. A. Tripp,
E. G. Tucker,
Job A. Turner,
J. W. Ward,
G. Washington Warren,
H. W. Warren,
W. A. Williams,
Hamilton Willis,
H. T. Woods.

ST. JOHN'S ENCAMPMENT, NO. 1, OF PROVIDENCE.

Under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

WILLIAM C. BARKER, *M. E. G. Commander.*
WILLIAM B. BLANDING, *Generalissimo.*
OLIVER JOHNSON, *Captain-General.*
J. B. BORDEN, *Prelate.*
A. C. EDDY, *Senior Warden.*
GEORGE AMSDEN, *Junior Warden.*
HENRY BUTLER, *Treasurer.*
SAMUEL B. SWAN, *Recorder.*
G. T. SWARTS, *Standard-Bearer.*
A. B. RICE, *Sword-Bearer.*
JOHN SHEPLEY, *Warder.*
E. B. WHITE, *Sentinel.*
A. B. GARDNER, *Third Guard.*
LEVI L. WEBSTER, *Second Guard.*
DANIEL WIGHTMAN, *First Guard.*
GEORGE JENKS, *Armorer.*

Henry Alden,
S. C. Arnold,
T. H. Barton,
Joseph Belcher,
Thomas Booth,
Russell Briggs,
B. J. Brown,
R. C. Brown,
William H. Brown,
William Butler,
F. W. Capron,
James E. Carpenter,
B. J. Chace,
J. Cudworth, Jr.
B. P. Cunningham,
Charles R. Dennis,
George Earle,
G. F. Fales,
C. B. Farnsworth,
S. Fifield,
Alfred W. Fisk,
A. B. Gardner,
E. Goddard,
C. A. Hall,
W. A. Haywood,
Robert Henry,
William Hicks,
William Ingram,
A. F. Jenks,
S. A. Jenks,
C. B. Manchester,
Perez Mason,
J. E. Morrill,
E. J. Nightingale,

F. A. Page,
Stephen Payne,
E. F. Pendleton,
John M. Remington,
A. G. Russell,
G. A. Sagendorph,
J. S. Simmons,
B. A. Slocum,
George H. Smith,
Henry L. Smith,
Simri Smith,
Horace H. Snow,
E. J. Titcomb,
C. D. Tuttle,
E. W. Walker,
E. B. Williams,
Shepley W. Wilson.

CHAPTER III.

Sunday in Washington. — Sermons of Rev. William D. Haley and Rev. B. Sunderland.

Sunday morning, May 15th, the Sir Knights arose refreshed with sleep, and their eyes were still further refreshed with the sight of their baggage, piled up mountains high in the office of the hotel. Their Sunday toilet made and breakfast eaten, they repaired, at the hour of morning service, to the First Unitarian Church, by invitation, to listen to a sermon prepared expressly for the occasion by the pastor of that church and congregation, Rev. William D. Haley. This discourse was listened to with much gratification by the Sir Knights.

In the evening, an invitation having been extended to the Encampments by Rev. B. Sunderland, of the Presbyterian Church, to attend the services at his place of worship, they repaired thither at the hour appointed, and were further edified by an excellent discourse from that reverend gentleman.

On the same evening, Sir Knight Parkman, Commander of the De Molay Encampment, at the desire of his command, addressed a note to each of these reverend gentlemen, with a request that they would permit their

discourses to be printed under the auspices of the Encampment.

To Rev. Mr. Haley he addressed the following, and received the subjoined reply: —

National Hotel, Washington,
May 15, 1859.

Rev. William D. Haley: —

Dear Sir Knight and Brother, — The Sir Knights of De Molay Encampment, Boston, and their brothers accompanying, Sir Knights of the St. John's Encampment, Providence, who at your kind invitation were favored with the privilege of listening to your eloquent discourse this morning, desire that it should be printed, in order that its excellent precepts may serve for the edification of others who were not so fortunate as to accompany us on our Southern Pilgrimage. If the kindness you have manifested toward us may be so far extended as to furnish a copy of your address for publication, you will confer a great favor upon the Sir Knights from Boston and Providence. and upon

Yours, fraternally,

WILLIAM PARKMAN,
Commander of De Molay Encampment, Boston.

371 Third Street, Washington.
May 16, 1859.

Sir Knight Parkman: —

Dear Sir Knight and Brother, — Please convey to the Sir Knights of De Molay and St. John's Encampments my grateful thanks for their kind request. My sermon was partly extemporized, and the manuscript is not as well prepared as it might have been for the hands of the printer. But if it is deemed worthy of the press by the Sir Knights who listened to its delivery, I shall most cheerfully comply with their request, and herewith transmit a copy, which is at your service.

While I am writing, permit me to express my deep regret,

and the keen sense of mortification felt by my congregation, that by inadvertence, in taking up our usual contribution, we should have taxed those whom we desired to treat as guests. No words can express my humiliation over this mistake.

Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM D. HALEY.

SERMON.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." — GALATIANS vi. 14.

The Cross has not always contained the same symbolism that now belongs to it; time was when it was a felon's badge, and was shunned as indicating the last end of infamy. The great prejudice against Christianity which existed in the first two or three centuries of its history, arose mainly from the fact of Christ's crucifixion; and no wonder that the popular mind revolted from the claims of Divinity set up in the name of one who had perished in that ignominious way, when the greatest of heathen orators fulminated his fiercest bolts against the head of that tyrant who had actually crucified a Roman citizen.

Eighteen centuries have passed away, and the Cross everywhere meets us; it has become the most honored symbol of our race; on hill-tops and in valleys, on banners, on churches, and adorning the person, — everywhere we behold the Cross.

Now here is a fact which needs no hard logic for its demonstration, and no extraordinary mental endowments for its comprehension; but it is a fact of the greatest importance, and contains the most cheering evidence of the divinity and sufficiency of the Christian religion. Through a period of nearly nineteen centuries, an instrument of punishment most feared and despised has been continually gaining a firmer hold of the affections of mankind. I say a firmer hold, for, notwithstanding the superstitious veneration paid to it during the dark mediæval days of fear, I doubt if ever the Cross had a deeper

moral significance or a greater moral power than it has this day; and I hope the time will come when every church and every house will contain that potent sign,—when indeed it will become so potent that it may banish every vestige of Paganism, so that none may fear that his reverence for this great Christian memorial will be considered idolatrous.

Now lay aside all metaphysics and all polemics, and here is proof unmistakable and unassailable, that some great moral power has at some period been connected with the Cross, so as entirely to change its association in the human mind from strong disgust to admiration and love. The Cross of Christ was made of ordinary wood, but while the timbers of all other crosses have decayed and been forgotten, this symbol of the Lord Jesus Christ has become immortal, and its blood-stained arms have never ceased to be eloquent enough to move the heart and point the way to glory. Surely there is something in this fact for the most sceptical to respect and consider. You may say the Bible is a forgery and the miracles only Mesmerism, you may rail at ordinances and sneer at priestcraft; but here is a dumb form of wood which somehow becomes the universally accepted symbol of tender Love, of enduring, courageous Faith, of inspiring Hope, and world-wide Charity. If this is imposture, then must all humanity have conspired to cheat itself.

I do not intend, however, to speak now of the theology of the Cross;—would God all men were willing to take from it the divine moral power which it contains, and were also content to allow the handwriting of dogmatism to be nailed to it, never to be disturbed by mortal hands again! I wish, in the short time I shall require your attention, to consider its Moral Symbolism, its religious, not its doctrinal aspects.

I. The Cross of Christ teaches the sublimest lesson of Hope.

It is very natural for us to feel in our despondency, when remorse, calamity, or bereavement overtakes us, that we are the greatest of earthly sufferers, that the heavy hand of the Almighty is laid wrathfully upon us; and then there is but a

short transition from sorrow to despair. But when, in our deepest trouble, the Cross flashes upon our vision, and we remember *that* Life, all devoted to goodness and mercy, every moment of it used in the service of his Father in Heaven and his brethren on earth; when we remember the misfortune which dogged his steps like a relentless fate, and the agony in which his earthly career culminated, — we are forced to believe that God may, for some wise object, permit suffering, may even look down upon the cruellest martyrdom of his creatures, and still be kind, and have reserved in the treasury of heaven an ample recompense. O, many a soul, all discouraged, and refusing to be comforted by mortal words of condolence, has looked tearfully upwards to the sky, and beheld, like Constantine, a fiery cross beneath the sun, and on it the inscription, "IN HOC SIGNO VINCES!" — By this sign thou shalt conquer! But unlike that warlike prince, who only half interpreted the meaning of the mysterious presage, and so inscribed it upon military standards to be the inspiration of physical conflicts, the trusting, devout soul engraves the message upon the heart, and bears it upon the leading banner in the warfare of endurance.

It is the symbol of hope to the weak, the tempted, even to the fallen. In those hours when the spirit becomes faint and its foes gain vantage-ground, — in those hours which make the word Repentance intelligible, — in those hours when the abasement of the soul causes the majesty of God to seem very awful and his presence very actual, — we turn from the cold philosophies and jarring theories of men to that exhibition of love with which the Cross is now for ever associated. In such experiences we do not think of the possible effect of that wonderful transaction upon the Almighty Will and purposes, we do not relinquish our conviction of God's unchangeable and everlasting mercy; but we catch one rapturous glance of that Great Sufferer, and he is taken to our bosom; we hang upon his last words, as the words of hope for us; his promise to the penitent thief lends a divine emphasis to his parable of the Prodigal Son; his wail of agony is forgotten in the triumphant cry, "It is finished." And so we rise with him from our cross

to the glory above; bitter as may be our self-reproaches, keen as may be our anguish, fearful as the darkness and rocking earthquake that surround us, we catch one glimpse of the Ascension Mount, and grow strong, and believe, and live. There was more than ascetic fanaticism stirring in the hearts of those old penitents, who, retiring from the world to seek relief from sin, remorse, or bereavement, wearily and sadly meditated upon time and eternity in the gray cloisters of old monasteries, and, as the soft strains of plaintive music disturbed the moonlit silence, felt their hearts singing, in spite of their sins or sorrows, that grand *Jubilate* which modern poetry interprets thus: —

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide."

Following these penitents to their poor cells, we should find not much of comfort and nothing of luxury; in those days penance was not clothed in purple or fed sumptuously. "Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" had an awfully real and imploring contrition attached to it; instead of perfumes, the last fashions, and smirking Pharisaism that would scorn a heaven where there are no carriages and parties, the accessories of this self-condemnatory petition then were sackcloth, and scourgings till the sufferer fainted, and his or her body became emaciated. The abode of these stern, old-fashioned penitents had but few ornaments, and these consisted of a skull, an hour-

glass to mark the rapid flight of their lives, and a crucifix with the form of the Great Sufferer stretched upon it, as if in his last agony. Looking in their lonely meditations upon that skull which seemed with its lipless mouth to smile grimly at the vanities, lusts, and ambitions of life, they grew humble as they remembered that even the mind would one day leave its temple vacant and return to Him who gave it; the fast ebbing sands in the hour-glass made them shudder, as the conviction stole over them, that life was too short for penitence. And then they turned for Hope to the Crucifix, and while their hearts melted into sympathetic tears, their narrow rooms were illuminated with glory as a vision of the Ascension filled their souls with divine transports; they knew they had washed away their sins, and went forth no longer pilgrims, but Knights of the consecrated Cross.

Those were days when symbols were more impressive than now, because with the great mass of the people pictures and forms were the only books. And yet it seems to me that we might profit more than we do by symbols. It would not be superstition or folly for us to seclude ourselves occasionally, pilgrim-like, in some penitential cell, to reflect upon the shadows we pursue, upon the idols we worship under the false names of honor, distinction, wealth. It would be no loss to us if some skull should be in our sight to remind us that we are mortal; it would not be wrong, I think, to look upon the running sands in an hour-glass to quicken our conviction of the brevity of human life; it would not be idolatry, if, gazing upon the Crucifix, we found ourselves weeping bitter tears over our recreancy to Him who suffered so much for us; and if then, while our hearts were tender, some bright vision of his triumphant ascension gladdened our sight, we should go forth better armed and equipped for the Crusade of Life.

II. The Cross of Christ is the most appropriate symbol of Faith.

The coldest admirers of Jesus have wondered at his sublime heroism, and from the day when his form was stretched on the cruel tree, the Cross became the appropriate symbol of sanc-

tified, courageous Faith. So much true Faith hung upon it that day, that a virtue of inspiration has clung about it and gone forth from it ever since. When those who in the hour of their Lord's extremity had deserted him, once more looked upon that fatal Cross, a new energy possessed them, and, disgraceful as was the instrument of his suffering, they condescended to no concealment, attempted no compromise with popular prejudice, but everywhere preached Christ and him crucified. They were not content to rely, as they might have done, upon the mighty words he had spoken, but into the ear of Jew and Greek, high and low, they poured the whole story of the Crucifixion, and the victory over death in the Resurrection and Ascension. And then, when the truths Christ had revealed were placed beside the facts of his history, hard hearts were melted, obdurate wills relented, and established prejudices were swept away. It was a great miracle, this entire revolution of the symbolic meaning of the Cross from infamy to noblest Faith; but it was wrought by endurance and courage.

In later times the Cross was worn as the symbol of faith and courage by those rude but chivalric men, who, inspired by a knightly longing to rescue the Saviour's tomb from the possession of the Moslemin, settled and fortified rock-girt islands in mid-ocean, and from their fastnesses, maintained at the price of exile from all that was dear to them, hurled their power from time to time against the Saracenic hordes who thronged the mainland. By these the Cross was deemed the most fitting device for shield and banner and sword-hilt, and after long and perilous lives spent in obedience to their vows to protect innocence and vindicate the Christian religion, these stern old iron-clad men asked no higher earthly distinction than to sleep with their crossed feet pointing to the eastward; and in the Old World, cathedrals and moss-covered churches are filled with the sculptured effigies of those whose names and honors time has obliterated, but whose crossed feet tell of their zeal, and preach thus to the distant centuries of the Faith inspired by the Cross.

Brethren, there is a lesson for us in this page of history; we need not put on an armor of steel, or unsheathe the sword to do war with wrong; but we need every one of us to feel that we have long enough worn the pilgrim's garb, and mourned and lamented over the world, — it is time now to go forth as anointed knights to do battle with a thousand foes more subtle, more vengeful than steel or gunpowder. Innocence suffers. want pleads, blasphemy, lust, crime, all walk your streets in broad daylight and flaunt their challenges in your faces. It was an olden fancy that the sign of the Cross had power to exorcise demons. And yet it was not all a fancy either; for the message is as fresh, and more potent, to-day, as when Constantine fancied he discerned it in words of flame, "IN HOC SIGNO VINCES!" By this sign thou shalt conquer! — the sign of endurance, the sign of labor, the sign of hope, the sign of Faith, — it is under that sign that we must attack and overthrow the cohorts of evil. And how much territory there is for the occupation of the army of Universal Benevolence!

We have tarried long enough in our lonely theological islands; let us engrave the Cross upon our weapons, gather all the Christian army into one vast band, and under the old inspiration of Faith march forward to victory. This brings us to the last consideration which, owing to the short time I have had for preparation, I propose to discuss.

III. The Cross is the symbol of Charity.

The outstretched arms of the Cross are mute preachers of fraternity; through all the weary centuries those dumb orators have been imploring humanity to abandon its digging and raking amongst the rubbish of old temples, and to put brotherly hands to the work of constructing a fairer edifice. There is a temple building more beautiful than Solomon ever dreamed of; noiselessly but rapidly it is rising from the ruins of old superstitions and old atheisms. When it shall be completed and the capstone elevated to its place, the edifice will bear on its outer portals this inscription: "Dedicated to God for the worship of All Souls." The cement of that rare building is Charity; not the mere doling out of occasional alms, but

that Charity which extends to opinions and acts. We begin to understand, and it is time for us to have learned the lesson, that the centre of all Christian theology is the Cross; that we are all successors of those Apostles who, after the ascension of their Master, were scattered in divers directions, preaching in a variety of tongues, and by the use of different forms, the same Gospel. My brethren, you very appropriately wear the Cross upon your clothing, and carry it with you upon your banners and regalia; it is a great symbol, but its virtue can never be tested until it is engraven upon every one of your hearts. It is not enough that we have Faith and Hope, — greatly as these qualities are needed by the Church and the world, — but what says the Apostle? "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity." So, too, our worldly experience and worldly wisdom would declare, "The greatest of these is Charity." Many a well-clad body contains a tortured mind that needs sympathy, and yet the compassion that would spring to relieve the want expressed by ragged garments and bleeding feet is dammed up and turned into less useful channels when this poor soul seeks fellowship and help. I regret to say that many religious people seem to have sympathy, compassion, philanthropy, advice, even money, for everything that crotchety brains can devise; but when theological differences exist or arise, they seem to think the Inquisition a very excellent institution, and in fancy calmly sit in the judgment-seat while the torture racks the limbs and lacerates the flesh of all dissenters. Would to God it were not necessary to speak this word; but as soldiers of the Cross, I adjure you to remember the word of the shipwrecked Apostle, "The greatest of these is Charity."

Let me say to you, my brethren who are here this morning from two distant cities, both of which I know well, and love much, that I am very grateful to you for your attendance upon my poor ministry; I have spoken, as you know, some words which it would not be proper for me more fully to explain. I have very faintly drawn the outlines of some thoughts which you can fill up more profitably than I can do it for you. Go

forth, soldiers of the Cross; bear your badge upon your hearts: let us all live in peace, love, and unity. Accept my thanks for your attention, and know that your presence here this morning will increase, if such a thing be possible, my respect and love for that great fraternity which is spread through all the earth, visited by the glorious sun from the time of his rising in the east, to the closing of the day in the west.

Finally, brethren, in your hours of trial, doubt, despondency, or temptation, let the beatific vision nerve you for endurance and struggle by reminding you of the promise,

"In hoc signo vinces!"

Rev. Mr. Sunderland forwarded his Sermon, with the following note to Sir Knight Parkman.

Washington, May 18, 1859.

To Sir Knight William Parkman: —

I have received the very grateful expressions of the Sir Knights and Gentlemen of De Molay and St. John's Encampments, as conveyed through their resolution by yourself, and while returning to you and to them my humble acknowledgments for their partiality, I herewith also submit the manuscript of the discourse to which you refer, to be disposed of as you may deem best.

I ought in justice to add, that I had no thought of its publication. I have no time to revise it, and a portion of the manuscript is already in the hands of Sir Knight Williams, I believe for another purpose. He can readily restore it, I doubt not, and so make the best of an effort which, if it did not altogether disappoint my audience, or has in any measure served to strengthen in them those sublime principles to the support of which we have devoted the substance of our lives, I may regard myself as not having entirely failed in contributing to some pleasing and permanent result.

Very truly, &c.

B. SUNDERLAND.

SERMON.

"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building." — 1 KINGS vi. 7.

The temple of Solomon at Jerusalem is here meant. It was the most magnificent structure ever raised by human hands. It was after a divine pattern, and became the symbol of spiritual things. In this light let us consider the points presented in the text.

1. How is a structure to be upreared for the service of Jehovah, who is Maker of heaven and earth, and Lord of all? It is indeed of perishable material, and will pass away, but for the ends to be subserved in its erection it is most wonderful and glorious.

2. Again, its chief element was of prepared stone, — one of the most enduring and imposing materials to be found in nature; and the stone was prepared away in distant places before its transportation to Jerusalem, — it was quarried, hewn, fitted, and polished, and finally brought by beasts of burden into the city.

3. Again, this material was built in, and the house of God was erected, in comparative silence, there being no noise of any instrument of iron in all the structure, — only human footsteps and the voice of man, and the low and steady hum of labor, as of a busy hive in summer, and a certain hush on all things, as under a pervading sanctity. And so the building grew, and one development came out upon another, noiseless but sublime, as all great things appear, not in the clamor and violence of earth, but from the deep mysteries of God's profounder silence.

4. Consider, again, the profusion and variety, the manifold sources and the stupendous costliness of the materials, which composed that structure. The staple element was the granite

and marble of the earth; but then there was gold and silver and brass and iron; then the finest beams of cedar, and fir, and all manner of choicest woods; then decorations of precious stones, and carved work, and splendid appointments, with all the finest hangings of curtains of richest texture and most brilliant dye. A levy was laid upon all the kingdoms of nature and all the sovereignties of man to furnish out this temple of the living God.

5. Consider, again, the labor bestowed on the building: first, in the plan of it, then in the preparation of it, then in its actual construction. David, while king, spent his thoughts thereon. He collected for its erection what was equal to forty-eight thousand tons of gold and silver, besides immense quantities of other materials. He secured the most skilful artificers and mechanics for every part of it, and gave the design, plan, and location, but died without seeing a single step taken in its erection. Then came Solomon, his son, the wisest of all the monarchs, who took in hand the magnificent enterprise. But he was not sufficient, and so entered into a league with Hiram, the king of Tyre; and these two wrought upon it with all the means in their power. It is said, indeed, that there was another; but he fell a victim to the violence of subordinates, and was not. The number of workmen employed, it is said, was no less than 184,000, of whom 3,600 were masters, 80,000 hewers of wood, 70,000 drawers of water, and 30,000 men of the Jews skilful in all the arts of design and of cunning handicraft,—besides the multitudes of camels and dromedaries used in the work of transportation. Look now away into the forests and mountain fastnesses of Lebanon; go down into the rough gorges and mines of the earth, and see the gangs of men at work; hear the dull sound of drill and hammer that comes up the sunken shaft, or the resounding axe that rings far off through the woods where stalwart arms are hewing down the trees. Go into ever so many shops and places of human ingenuity along the coasts of Sidon, and see there the confusion of blocks and timbers yet unhewn, and note how human toil keeps on from morn to night, tasking so many sinews, and cov-

ering so many brows with the sweat of labor. Stand, then, in the gates of Jerusalem, and see the trains of men and beasts of burden coming in daily from all quarters, on every road, — from the mines and the forests, from the mountains and the plains, from the distant tents of the workmen, from the busy marts and havens of the sea, — and bringing with them another quota to be laid in its place in that splendid pile. Can anything be conceived more truly inspiring than this busy enterprise, that wrought up that old Hebrew temple which, at the end of seven and a half years, stood there complete in all its glory and magnificence, the joy of Jerusalem, and the most noble edifice the world has ever seen?

6. For consider, again, the objects and associations of that sacred structure. It was to be emphatically and pre-eminently the house of the ineffable God; there should He be in visible presence, shining over the ark of the covenant between the wings of cherubim; there should be the oracles of eternal wisdom and the responses of the Divine Will to man; there should be the Aaronic priesthood; there a thousand sacrifices foreshowing the lineage of Shiloh, and keeping alive among men the coming day of a more perfect and unlimited expiation; there should be the morning and the evening worship, as when a nation's heart bows down in recognition of the Lord of all; there should be the people's great public and religious festivals; thither should all men turn their faces in devotion. In that asylum of sanctity, of security, and of succor might the tribes repose, around it the national enthusiasm swell, and there all high-born sentiments of purity, of patriotism, of piety, and of patriarchal pride should cluster. The poor and the unfortunate should there find refuge, the exile and the captive turn thither with longing heart; the children of sorrow should there find consolation, and the sinful and erring should there come for penitence, for sacrifice, and for absolution; — while prophets and princes, priests and kings, and all the mighty men, should gaze on that proud symbol of their nation's historic glory, and kindle with many memories and hopes, as from age

to age, through so many generations, the fire still glowed upon the altar, and the trumpet of the Levite announced the hour of worship. Nay, more, it was the dwelling-place of many an unseen ministry of God, and angels seem to have trodden those consecrated courts, and watched for centuries the coming of Him whose feet at last stood in the temple as he cried: "I am the better Sacrifice! I am the Resurrection and the Life." Nay, this house, after many reverses and changes of splendor and of gloom, through a thousand years, beheld the final mystery of the crucifixion of the Son of God, and trembled in that hour when its vail was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and after a few years of lingering desolation, the sad departing angels sung their final dirge over the doomed wonders of Moriah, and the walls fell before the Roman cohorts, who made the spot as a ploughed field, over which ages of invasion and despotism have been rolling until now.

I said this house was emphatically a symbol of spiritual things. I want now to show some analogies between the points considered and the building up of the human soul, — which is in itself a spiritual thing, the creation and the temple of the living God. We often speak of human character, which is really nothing less than the shape and nature which the soul of man takes on in its growth and development here under the discipline and culture of our probation. At first the soul is not built, — it is but a germ or spiritual principle of immortality, susceptible of action and increment to the designed and desired result. Education is the spiritual erection of the soul, which, according to the divine idea of its existence, admits of enlargement and elevation in three distinct operations, of the sensibilities, the intellect, and the will, or of the feelings, thoughts, and purposes of the mind. Our consciousness attests the action and operation of building up the soul in these three phases of our being, and they cover all the manifold movements and affections of our experience. See, then, what a creation and what a structure here is to be made for God, — a spiritual and immortal structure to be alive

and grander in proportion when all the material fabrics of this fair and wondrous creation are powdered into dust, a temple for the dwelling and delight of our adorable Creator. And every man has such a soul, to become such a temple, or else to be the dwelling-place of all abominations; that is the alternative, and with it goes inevitably hand in hand our everlasting happiness or misery, on it stand the joys of heaven or the pains of hell. Think then of this, you whose souls are building here on earth. Some of you are well-nigh finished, and He that is to occupy will soon take up in the house of your spiritual existence his everlasting dwelling. O shall it be the bright conclave of sinless angels, and the august presence of the Heavenly Father, or shall it be the infernal furies of perdition, — the giant of Remorse and the grim demon of Despair? There in you is the house preparing: day by day up goes the structure. Weeks and months and years add all their quota, and every rolling sun and every passing midnight sees the soul growing to completion. At length it will be finished, and to the capstone brought forth with shouting, Heaven shall set its seal of approbation with high hosannas "of grace, grace unto it," or hell will groan in all its horrors over the completion of a polluted spirit.

2. Consider again the spiritual material which enters into the building of the soul. There is but one element in all the universe that can strengthen and adorn the building, and that, like the hewn stone of the Hebrew temple, is the everlasting truth of Jehovah. Next to God himself is the spirituality and eternity of God's truth, — truth in all its aspects and relations, truth in all its attributes and qualities; for this must underlie and form the very substance of all the soul's affections, plans, and purposes; it must be the material of all our wishes, thoughts, and resolutions, in order that our spiritual structure may stand the test and scrutiny of ages. No mind can abide the action of an everlasting, conscious being, that is not built on the truth and of the truth, for such spiritual substance alone is ever during, and cannot be dissolved; the soul is unable to have strength and power which is not formed of the

truth of God. Sins and delusions may indeed be laid in the structure of our spiritual being, but they will fill it with corruption, and render it at last a very den of iniquity. Ask yourselves, then, fellow-men, of your own conscious experience, what is the substance of your emotions, your frames of feeling, your many tempers of mind, that daily and hourly appear looking out upon you from within as this spiritual work of the soul's building proceeds apace, and what is the substance of your thoughts, as well as of your study, your constant mental toil. What is it that enters into your convictions, your understanding, and your judgment, making up the whole proportion of your spiritual estate? What is it which forms the substance of your will, your determinations, your motive and excursive powers? What makes up the object of your hopes, your aspirations, your foresight and ambition? what engrosses your constant activities, absorbs and takes you up in all your conscious being, — your life, your conduct, your example, and your influence? Because whatever it may be that is the material out of which your soul is being constructed, that enters as a chief essential into your personal identity, and forms the element of your good or ill, your joy or woe, your glory or your gloom for ever. Then can you not decide it, — truth or falsehood, righteousness or iniquity, virtue or vice, the good series or the bad series, one or the other constantly building the character of every one of us, and in that building as constantly foreshowing our individual and final doom? And is it not worth our while to pause under this inevitable consequence of our being, and ask what we are daily doing to our souls, what materials of feeling and of thought and of purpose we are laying up on the walls, and what we are allowing others to do to our souls, and what is being done to them by others without our will, and what we are doing to and for the souls of others, what we are fitting for ourselves and what for our fellow-men?

And, moreover, I do conceive that it is one of the most thrilling conditions of our existence, that these materials which are to go to make up our soul's temple are fitting, and

have been fitting, and will be incessantly fitting around us, near and remote, in ever so many places, associations, circles, pursuits, and combinations. Our frames of mind are cast and laid in spite of us, out of ever so many contingencies, often from the merest casualties of the day, and sometimes from things which break in a mighty sweep, like the thundering avalanche or the giant floods. Our thoughts are being hewn from many a vast quarry of the world; nay, the whole creation is laid bare, and all her stores are seamed and riven to furnish forth the substance of the human soul. All the societies of earth, all the empires of man in ten thousand prospects open with the hewn stone prepared and fitted for some strong masonry in the uprising fabric of our spiritual nature, and every day and every hour lays on some new material, for the soul must be built for God or for the demons. This is the irrevocable law. Then, I say, since truth only, and more than all, that truth which God has himself prepared to go into this imperishable structure, is above all price, and indispensable to the proper erection, does it not become every one of us to guard against its displacement in the spiritual development of our being? Nay, is it not our most solemn duty to see that it is not excluded, distorted, broken, and dishonored? Tradition informs us, that the keystone of the ancient temple of Solomon was discovered by some under-workmen who knew neither its place nor its value. An unhappy casualty had consigned it to the refuse and the rubbish of those long years of toil, and the temple remained long unfinished, because there was none able to supply the proportions and the exactitude of that capstone of the splendid fabric. Well, now God has given us the capstone of the soul in the truth of his revealed wisdom. There it is in the Bible, the sacred volume of inspiration. And the hallowed building of the human spirit shall remain for ever uncompleted, till the great arch of its mightiest gateways be filled by that crown and perfection. O, then, look into the quarry of truth which God has opened there, take thence the chosen stones already prepared, take hence the comely promises, take hence the pillars of

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instruction, take hence the corner-stones of faith and hope and charity and patience; take hence the chapiters of all gracious decorations, for all those stones are fitted long ago, and polished and prepared, and the providence of God, and the Church of God, and the living ministry, and the dispensation of the Spirit, and manifold prevailing prayers, and countless opportunities, will bring them to us and lay them each in its place on the growing structure of our soul's honor. O, see that they are not lost in the litter and refuse of the world! O, see they are not trampled under foot of men, and cast out in the mouldering heaps of men's philosophies and the rotting delusions of successive generations! The hay and stubble which the world has heaped out of its void imaginations, its infidel arrogance, and science falsely so called, for ages, — ah me! that is not the material wherefrom to build a human soul. The atheistic literature, the profane romance, the cavilling speculations, and all the deep abysm of human vagaries which darkens down to perdition, — this shall not furnish a single element to go into the illustrious temple of the human soul, but only those great hewn stones of God, right excellent for shape and beauty, and imperishable for ever. All else the last fire shall burn them up; but these, purified the more in every conflagration, shall stand before God, at once the chief substance and the crowning ornament of eternity.

3. But consider again the analogy of silence. The temple of Solomon was built without clamor or violence. So, also, is the temple of the spirit of man. Noise and the din of labor there must be away in the gorges where the materials are gathered, — and this explains what we know of the ceaseless tumult and violence of the present probation; but when it comes to the spiritual growth of a Christian soul, to the laying up its wishes, thoughts, and purposes in the awful sanctity of our own hidden consciousness, then there must be, there is, no sound of axe or of hammer or any instrument of violence. And this too is one of the most awful and soul-subduing mysteries of God. All great processes of growth in man and nature are silent, as though it were a fearful thing to be built. He

that with heedless noise and superficial uproar rushes about the edifice where a soul is building up for heaven, violates the sanctity of that august development, and obstructs the way of its progress. O Christian, you that see no advancement, that hear no movement, that observe no agitation of your own soul, and, often cast down, begin to fear that no work of grace is begun in you, think not so. When the walls of your spiritual house are laid, God will have no noise; too hallowed is that work, too much like God himself, too like to Heaven's own holiness, to be mixed with the outcry and confusion of the perturbed and sacrilegious world. Away in the deepest solitude, in the most profound retirement, — away under the perceptions of our own consciousness, — yea, down behind and beyond all the penetrations of our sharpest sensations, — come the hidden workmen, to lay on — by what process we know not, nor when, nor how — but nevertheless to lay on the carved and polished courses of the soul's magnificent and ever-growing structure, as though some companies of angels, with spirit feet treading lightly round the chambers of the mind, bore thither the substance of our immortality and built it up for us, while we, in this more gross and outward earthly being, may sit weeping in our woe, and almost ready to despair. O thou trembling child, all timid and full of fears, all darkened and full of doubts, for years misgiving in thine own heart, and mourning against thyself that there has been no noise in thee, — that thou hast never heard the din and shouting, the violence and excitement of the great popular religious commotion, that thou hast never felt the surging wave of a great enthusiasm wafting thee to the stars, and thinking, may be, on this account, that thou art not of them who are building for heavenly glory, — be appeased and satisfied, as thou shalt learn that God's most precious things are formed in silence, that it is prayer and watching, waiting and patience, which build the soul. While the temple of his worship is rising, he puts his hand on every clamorous insurgent, he holds back all the clang and turbulence of human agencies, and lets the soul rise in majestic silence far up into the celestial beauty and pattern of his own glorious image.

Then do not pine and murmur at this economy. There will be shouting enough by and by, yea, and hosannahs musical as the harps of Paradise, in the final jubilation. Silence and awe now, and deep mysterious toil; but yonder, joy and pealing anthems when all the work is done, and the spirit of man receives for ever the altar of incense and the beams of the Shechinah.

4. Need I dwell on a fourth point of analogy, — the variety and costliness of the things which enter into this spiritual construction of man? As I have said, truth first and chief, the prepared truth of God, and then this in all profusion of forms and decorations, — all grand old doctrines, all noble sentiments, all gentle graces bedecking the mind of man, — truth in the sweet humanities and the grateful amenities of life, — truth in the unflinching integrity of justice, and in the flaming heroism of high-souled magnanimity and honor. I need not describe to you the bearing and dignity of a man to whose possession and proper exercise all the ministries of heaven have brought their contributions. Who can tell the value of such a combination? Who can weigh the worth of such a royal appointment? So many halls of highest wisdom, so many courts of fairest generosity, so many burning lights of human joy, so many scented beams of blessed constancy, so many shining mirrors reflecting everywhere the luxury of human benefaction, and all redolent of the savor of God's perpetual worship, all giving present support to the life and future promise to the hope of the human spirit, — say, is not that a costly and stupendous structure into which all the great things of God, of heaven, of immortality are builded? And if, O Christian! thy soul be such, so full of treasures, — yea, and the lamps that kindle other souls, — how ought thou to guard and cherish it evermore, — how ought thou to tend it, walking about its palaces and marking well its bulwarks, ceaseless as the vestal's vigil, faithful at thy sentry-post, watchman of Heaven going thy rounds on earth, and sending back thy answer evermore to each celestial warder's call, "Watchman, what of the night?" — "All is well! all 's well!"

5. Then it can hardly be necessary for me either to dwell on the number and kinds of laborers employed in this erection for eternity. The great King himself has devised and prepared for it, — nay, the trifold sovereignty of Godhead is embarked upon it. God in his fatherhood has gathered the materials, and lo! a greater than Solomon has entered on the work, — nay, more than the Syrian monarch comes to his assistance, — and under these all the angels and ministers of grace in all the empire of the universe, all great angelic minds, all skilful workmen, yea, and the more subordinate creatures of God, both animate and inanimate, and the grosser ones and the rude and rough countless host! By these the eternal toil goes on, to fit and bring together and lay up in the soul its own everlasting construction. O, then, here is another solemn verity of life, making it so sacred and of uncounted value. You that feel yourselves alone, you that walk solitary, cut off, as you suppose, from the sympathies and relationships of men, you that are thrust back into obscurity, and no longer dilate on the open walks of social conspicuity, — you that feel that none cares for your soul, — do not give way to this untimely melancholy. All the wheels of nature revolve for you, all the live spirits of Jehovah leap on their way for you; for you the world stands, and the course of centuries proceeds; for you the entire procession of God's vast ministries goes mustering on, and each in his turn hands down to the place of your spiritual building just the fit material designed from the beginning. Think not, then, you are overlooked or neglected, but hold fast on to the promises of Heaven, and see how time shall fulfil the oracle, and finally finish all the work. O tried heart, this is no vain fantasy. Providence is patient, so be thou; Providence is punctual, so be thou; Providence will sound the hour of consummation, and then, thy conflict ended, thy toil all done, thou shalt hear the plaudits of yonder world, as when a gala-day has dawned.

6. Then the ultimate ends and aims of such a building of the soul, its origin, its history, its progress and final perfection, — this, too, was symbolized in the building of the Hebrews.

But I shall only pause to say that we now know but in part, and we prophesy but in part, for it hath not yet entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. What Heaven really is, we can only faintly guess; what an immortality of blessedness is, we can only dimly dream; what that presence of God is, who dwelleth in light unapproachable and full of glory, we cannot imagine, much less describe; — but we know this, that the soul constructed as we have now intimated shall enter into all this through a duration that is without change or end, and that all this probationary life is but one sharp section of the eternal order of progression in which the supreme Jehovah is rearing the monuments of his own living grace and power, and that all the movements and tutelages and discipline of this life, whether to the individual or to associated humanity, are but one act of preparation for the deeper and more momentous realities which lie before us, — that everything here, great as it may be, strange as it may be, costly as it may be, complicated and protracted as it may be, is only preliminary to the more august events which the future will disclose. God made and meant the spirit of man not merely for time and earth, but mainly for eternity and the high field of those immortal doings and deserts. When the building is finished, sure then these time-scaffoldings will fall away, and the light of other worlds will shine around, and the soul will stand revealed, bearing the everlasting impress of her own changeless destiny.

But there is one feature of the economy of God in the experience of man on earth, which stands out most marked and impressive, to which I will, in concluding, advert. I have spoken in this train of reflection of this world as our probation, and of the soul as in process of construction for a higher and better state. I have alluded to the fact, that all the agencies of God are out on this great enterprise; and so of course I mean to include all that series of apparently unpropitious and adverse events by which we are brought into tribulation, and which seem to throng about us with cares and losses, and many hours of desolation, when the mind

grows gloomy and distracted, and we feel that all these things are against us. None of you can have lived so long without knowing to what sorrow and bitterness of heart I now allude, and the memory of past occurrences only fills you with apprehensions for the future. Your path seems thronged with a train of hideous and repugnant forms of affliction, from which you shrink with a trembling and affrighted spirit. But so to an observer standing in the gateways of Jerusalem, as he beheld the uncouth beasts of burden wending in their way from many quarters to the central summit of Moriah, — those huge and repugnant beasts, those swarthy and toil-worn creatures of the mountain and the wilderness, working their slow and weary way to the sacred hill of David. But they brought the pillars of the temple, yea, and all its goodly decorations. Here, then, see the messengers from which you shrink in your own life experience. This afflictive Providence, which makes you start aghast; this sudden stroke of sorrow, which has filled you with alarm; this unexpected struggle, which has fallen on you with a consuming power, — they are all dromedaries of the desert, laden with richest things prepared of God by some wise workman of his choosing, for the better building of your soul for heaven. Take courage, then, and do not pine. When you see a train of trials coming, though ever so forbidding in their look, remember they are the dromedaries from the desert, sent of the Great Master to add another course to your spirit as it goes up through these mists of time, one glorious building to be perfected yonder.

CHAPTER IV.

From Washington to Richmond. — A Dirge for Mount Vernon. — Governor Wise welcomes the Sir Knights. — First Taste of Virginia Hospitality. — Reception by the Richmond Commandery. — Visit to the Theatre, and a Floral Ovation.

Our excursionists passed a quiet Sabbath in Washington, listening to the sermons contained in the previous chapter, and observing in a proper spirit the sacred character of the day. As the sun was descending, a few ventured to inspect the Capitol, the White House, and some other objects of interest, and in the evening a concert of sacred music was given by Gilmore's Band in the vestibule of the National Hotel, which was listened to with great pleasure.

At six o'clock on Monday morning the Sir Knights embarked on the Potomac River in the steamer Mount Vernon for Aquia Creek. The weather was delightful, and, as they glided down the beautiful river, all nature seemed to smile upon the panorama of water, wooded banks, and green fields. Breakfast was obtained on board the boat.

About eight o'clock the boat passed Mount Vernon, where Washington lived and died, and where his sacred dust is deposited. When the spot was pointed out, Gilmore's Band, at the request of the De Molays, played a

dirge, with great musical expression and effect. The emotions which crowded upon the minds of the company while passing this illustrious ground were too deep for any audible expression; the gentlemen looked grave, and the ladies shed tears. It was a touching tribute to that man whose memory will for ever be as green in American hearts as were the fields and forests of Mount Vernon that day.

When the steamer arrived at Aquia Creek, the whistle of the Richmond train was heard; and on landing, the Sir Knights were met by a reception committee of the Richmond Commandery, of which Sir Knight John H. Bozier was chairman, who had met the excursionists at Washington.

His Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, who had just arrived in the train from Richmond, was in the Depot, and when the Encampments were drawn up in line, Governor Wise was introduced to Commander Sir William Parkman, of the De Molay Encampment, by Sir Knight John F. Regnault, of the Richmond Commandery, who said, "Most Eminent Grand Commander and Sir Knights of Boston and Providence, it affords me pleasure to introduce to you the Governor of Virginia, who will welcome you to her soil and her hospitality."

His Excellency addressed them in a welcoming speech, which was an earnest of the kind reception they met afterwards everywhere in Virginia. He said: —

"We meet you and greet you by the mystic tie of brotherhood which exists in every land. We meet you as patriots, — men of the same common country. You are no strangers here in Virginia; for we live in a land of the largest liberty, — thank God! it is a large land. I go to your land, and although

no man knows me, and though I own no house there, yet there is one house, the Hancock House, that old ball-room of the Boston Tea Party, which is mine as well as yours. Faneuil Hall is there, which is mine too.

"And here in Virginia is Mount Vernon, and that is yours; and here are Yorktown and Old Raleigh, and they are yours. And Virginia is yours also! Sir Knights, I greet you not only as Masons and patriots, but I greet you socially. The citizens of Richmond are your fellow-citizens, and you will find their houses open to receive you. I am sorry that I too cannot be with you, — that business imperatively calls me away. But I have left the Executive Mansion open for you, and have left orders that its beds, its larder, and all it contains, shall be at your disposal. I feel compelled to caution you, my friends, against one thing in Richmond. According to your 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' the people of Boston consider that the axletree of the universe sticks out in your city at one end, and we think that the other end sticks out in Richmond. Now we have a way of putting a hub on the end of that axletree which strangers would never suspect was a wheel, and of putting a stranger on that wheel and spinning him around until he becomes dizzy. There is one arch-enemy of strangers there whose name, when whispered in the ear, rhymes with 'Old Nick,'* and although he is not 'Old Nick,' I must warn you particularly against him. But, gentlemen, I leave you in good hands, and with a welcome to all the houses in Richmond."

Governor Wise's speech was received with cheers and laughter, and his earnest and genial manner made a profound impression upon the visiting Sir Knights. As soon as the Governor had concluded, the signal for departure was given, and the train proceeded towards Richmond.

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* This was an allusion to Richard O. Haskins, a past Commander of the Richmond Commandery.

The trip from Aquia Creek was delightful in every respect. The sky was bright, and the Virginia landscapes were decked in Nature's fairest charms. The committee, or advanced guard of the Richmond Commandery, had determined to give their visitors a foretaste of Virginia hospitality, and they had made the forward car of the train a forerunner of the good time coming. The seats had been removed from the car, and through its centre a table loaded with a profusion of refreshments was spread. There was an excellent lunch provided, and nothing that is fitted to assuage thirst in the most satisfactory manner was wanting. Servants were employed in traversing the cars to supply the Sir Knights with the refection, and to many of them who had taken but little breakfast on board the boat, it was most grateful, and will be remembered long by them as the first instalment of the bountiful hospitality they received in Virginia.

When the train arrived at Fredericksburg, the visiting Knights were invited to step from the cars, and on doing so they were introduced to the Mayor of that city, John L. Marye, Esq., who made an eloquent speech, welcoming them to the ancient town. He said: —

I have been deputed by the brethren of the mystic tie in Fredericksburg to give you, upon this your entrance upon the soil of Virginia, a brother's welcome. And allow me to say, that the sentiment with which we greet you is not confined to the Masonic brotherhood, but you will find it springing up to greet you wherever you may go in this old Commonwealth. The principles of your noble Order entitle you to that esteem and cordial welcome, but there are also other reasons which entitle you to our hospitalities. You come from the land of Bunker Hill, from that glorious old State whose soil, like the soil of Virginia, was baptized with the best blood of the Revo-

lution. You are the descendants of the men, and the representatives of the men, who heart to heart and hand to hand with our fathers met the shock, and, animated by a common patriotism, established the independence and the institutions of this country. And allow me, Sir Knights, to remind you that you now stand on the very play-ground of Washington, and in sight of his mother's grave. In the Masonic Lodge in this city, too, he was initiated into Masonry, and took the degrees of the craft.

Is it not fit that on such a spot we, the members of distant parts of this great country, should meet in fraternal intercourse? I hope that your visit may not only be productive of social intercourse and good feeling, but may result in a better knowledge and a better understanding between the citizens of Virginia and the citizens of Massachusetts.

Sir Knight William Parkman, Eminent Grand Commander of the De Molays, replied appropriately to the Fredericksburg Mayor. He said that last year his command and himself had enjoyed the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with a Commandery of their Virginia brethren, and therefore they were not surprised at receiving a warm reception, when they crossed the boundaries of Virginia. He was happy to come from the precincts of Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, to visit the historic ground of the Old Dominion; and in behalf of all the Sir Knights from New England, he begged leave to tender most hearty thanks for the kind reception they had met with in Fredericksburg.

Three cheers were then given for His Honor, the Mayor of Fredericksburg, by the Pilgrim Knights. The representatives of Virginia present sent up a hearty response, and the attention of the company was then directed to some refreshment-tables spread upon the platform of the Depot, upon which were certain huge bowls filled with

that delectable compound used so much in Richmond for oiling the axletree spoken of by Governor Wise, — the axletree of that wheel whose "main spoke" is the julep-ladle.

The party soon resumed their seats in the cars, and were whirled along to Richmond in a happy frame of mind. The Richmond committee kept the banquet spread in the forward car, replenishing it at every point wherever a sign of giving out began to appear, and their servants were constantly perambulating the cars with wherewithal to supply those who were "backward in coming forward." In short, these Richmond Saint Johns of the coming era of hospitality succeeded in making their visitors extremely comfortable during the entire trip from Aquia Creek to their home.

The pilgrims arrived in Richmond at half past three o'clock, P. M. The Richmond Encampment, E. H. Gill, Commander, were on the ground, and a large concourse of people was assembled to witness the arrival. The De Molays and their Providence friends formed under the escort of the Richmond Commandery, and marched to their quarters, passing through Capitol Square on their route, saluting the noble equestrian statue of Washington by uncovering their heads. Meanwhile, a salute of one hundred guns was fired by the Fayette Artillery, Sir Knight Colonel R. M. Nimms commanding, whose loud-mouthed cannon re-echoed the welcome which the Sir Knights and citizens of Virginia had accorded to their visitors from New England.

The visiting Knights were quartered at the Ballard and Exchange Hotels, — two hotels in one, upon the plan of the Siamese twins, standing upon opposite sides of the same street and united by a covered bridge. The whole

establishment is leased and conducted by one person. In a large hall in the Exchange Hotel another season of refreshment was had, immediately after the arrival of the Commanderies, and here the most joyful personal greetings took place between the members of the Richmond Encampment and their Boston friends, whose acquaintance was formed on the occasion of the visit of the former to our city. There was many a cordial shaking of hands and "How do you do?" — "God bless you!" — "Don't you remember?" etc. When this pleasant reunion was over, each of the visitors sought his quarters, and made his toilet in preparation for a "family dinner" of the Sir Knights of De Molay and St. John, with a number of the Richmond Commandery. A committee of the Richmond Sir Knights took charge of the attendants at the table, stimulating the negroes to activity, and supplying the wants of their guests with their own hands, in emergencies that seemed to require it.

The dinner having been disposed of, the visiting Knights were warned by their respective Commanders to hold themselves in readiness to attend the theatre, upon the invitation of their Richmond brother Knights. At half past six o'clock the Richmond Commandery assembled at the Mechanics' Institute, and proceeded to the Ballard House, where they took their visitors under escort and marched to the theatre.

On entering the theatre, a striking scene presented itself. The house was crowded in every part except the parquette, the principal portion of which was reserved for the accommodation of the Sir Knights. The boxes were filled with ladies mostly, and exhibited a brilliant array of female beauty, and rich and tasteful female costume. The boxes of the lower row were draped with

American flags and bordered with evergreens. In the centre of each was an appropriate Masonic emblem. The pillars which support the second tier of boxes were entwined with flowers and evergreens, and the panellings of the second tier were ornamented with flags and Masonic devices. The highest tier was hung with white cloth, and handsomely decorated with garlands of flowers. The whole scene, brilliantly illuminated by gas-light, was charming to the highest degree, as the accidental effects produced by the costumes of the audience harmonized with the decorations so as to render the picture complete, as a whole, as well as in all its details.

When the Knights entered and took their seats, they were greeted with loud hurrahs by the audience, and the fair ladies clapped their delicate hands enthusiastically. Even the negroes in the gallery were infected with the "general joy," and cheered as loudly as anybody else. Three cheers "for Old Virginia" were proposed by one of the visiting Knights, and the New England Commanderies responded heartily to his call.

The proscenium and stage were decorated with flags, and when the curtain rose upon the play of "Masks and Faces," in which the actors appear in the showy costume of our English ancestors, the theatre was gayly dressed throughout. Mrs. Gladstane appeared in the leading *role*, and was supported by a good company; and everything passed off satisfactorily.

At the close of the first act the Sir Knights were surprised by a floral ovation, such as is seldom witnessed within the walls of a theatre, where the tossing of bouquets is a common incident and a hackneyed mode of testifying real or pretended admiration for actresses and vocalists. On this occasion there was for several minutes a shower

of roses descending from a circular opening in the frescoed ceiling of the auditorium, thrown by a number of invisible hands, and so skilfully directed that the whole parquette was visited by the beautiful and fragrant messengers. It was a very pretty, as well as a novel scene, and it seemed to afford as much gratification to the audidence as to the recipients of the floral tribute.

At the conclusion of the play the audience called enthusiastically upon the bands from Boston and Providence, who were seated next to the orchestra, in front of the Sir Knights; and while preparations were in progress on the stage for the closing portion of the entertainment, they played some delicious music, which was loudly applauded.

When the curtain again rose, Mrs. I. B. Phillips, a beautiful woman and a pleasing actress, came forward and delivered the following Address, written by John R. Thompson, Esq., editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger.*

WELCOME TO BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE SIR KNIGHTS.

Sir Knights, right welcome to the Drama's fane!
We greet you warmly, though in simple strain,
Whose honest fervor you will not disdain.
To celebrate the "deeds of daring high,"
And all the bold emprise of Chivalry,
In other days, when innocence oppressed
Roused the just anger of the knightly breast,
Has ever been the Drama's chosen part,
And truest glory of the scenic art.
What though the sun of Chivalry is set!
Its shining virtues linger with us yet;
And though the Feudal Knight has had his day,
The modern Templar may indeed display

As lofty courage and as gentle mien
As brave Sir Gawaine of the silken sheen.
'T was the true valor of the antique age,
Whose lustre brightens our historic page,
Which nerved the patriot's arm, on land and sea,
To strike the blow which made Columbia free.
And you, my friends, descendants of a race
Renowned for every ancient, manly grace,
Which gave a WARREN to the death of fame,
And lent our annals GREENE's immortal name,
We own as worthy of your glorious sires:
To welcome you, VIRGINIA NEVER TIRES!
For see, in token of the tie which binds
In blessed union both our hearts and minds,
And links together all our future fates,
The blended banners of the sister States!
Long may they thus be intertwined above
Fair Freedom's temple, in abiding love;
Long may our beauteous rainbow flag of stars
Fling to the breeze its bright-emblazoned bars,
And on its folds for evermore be seen
Each starry sister of the Old Thirteen!

Here, gracious auditors, I well might pause,
But that I crave a little more applause:
To such as are, and yet are not, in *tears*, —
Pit, gallery, boxes, — every one that hears,
I make appeal for three tremendous cheers!
Not for myself, but for those gallant Knights,
Whose presence here Virginia's soul delights, —
And, as I make to you my parting bow,
Huzza for them as only you know how.

These lines were well spoken, and elicited enthusiastic applause from the whole audience. At the line

"Each starry sister of the Old Thirteen,"

a magnificent tableau was disclosed at the back of the stage, consisting of a figure of Washington, upon a pedes-

tal, supported on either side by ladies resting on shields, bearing the arms of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and surrounded by thirteen young ladies having shields with the coats of arms of the thirteen original States. This tasteful and appropriate picture was loudly cheered.

At the fall of the curtain the Sir Knights fell into line and were escorted to their quarters, where they sat down to a hearty Champagne supper with their Virginia friends, and duly prepared themselves thereby for the fatigues and festivities of the next day.

CHAPTER V.

Grand Reception of the Visiting Knights at Mechanics' Hall. — Welcoming Speeches and Responses. — The Sir Knights assaulted with Bouquets by Ladies of Richmond. — Presentation to the New England Knights. — Another Presentation to the Richmond Commandery. — Collation, etc.

When the Knights Templars of New England awoke in Richmond, Tuesday morning, they found new cause to admire the hospitality of the Virginians. The Richmond Commandery had, apparently, imported into their city for the occasion a large lot of Massachusetts weather, thus evincing a strong determination to consult the tastes of their guests in every particular. The sky was overcast, and the atmosphere was cool. It was Southern weather with Northern principles; and those who came provided with thin suits found that portion of their wardrobe entirely superfluous. Similar weather continued during most of the visit; and the coolness enabled the pilgrim Knights to bear the fatigues incident to the occasion better than they could have done in sunshine and dust.

Tuesday morning was appointed for the formal reception of the visiting Sir Knights at the hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The lowering sky did not prevent the fair ladies of Richmond from assembling to meet the

brave Knights, and long before the Commanderies arrived at the hall the space allotted to the ladies was filled,— a galaxy of bright eyes flashing their splendors upon either side.

The entrance of the hall was draped with flags of the United States and of Virginia, confined by a Masonic shield. At the upper end was a stage, the proscenium of which was covered with black cloth, upon which were displayed a variety of Masonic emblems. A portrait of Washington, copied from Houdon's celebrated statue, was placed at the rear of the stage, and over the centre of the proscenium appeared the Virginia coat of arms, enclosed in a floral frame. The arms of Massachusetts were displayed on the right, and of Rhode Island on the left. In front of the gallery, at the lower end of the hall, was a full-length portrait of William Lloyd, a proprietor of the Richmond Examiner, and the gallery itself was handsomely draped with flags. The walls were ornamented richly with flags, Masonic and Knightly devices, and with flowers and evergreens. The ladies were seated upon each side, facing inwards, sufficient room only having been reserved for the Sir Knights to stand in the middle of the hall.

The Richmond Commandery, accompanied by the Armory Band of Richmond, received their visitors at their quarters, and, all in full regalia, and accompanied by their musicians, marched to the Hall of the Institute, passing through several of the principal streets. They reached the hall at half past ten o'clock. The Richmond Commandery first marched in, and, forming upon either side of the open area, saluted their brother Knights as they entered by presenting arms.

Sir Knight James Lyons, on the part of the Richmond

Commandery, presented the visitors and pilgrims to M. E. Grand Commander, E. H. Gill, who occupied the platform, and to his Commandery. He said: —

Most Eminent Grand Commander and Sir Knights, — I have been called upon unexpectedly to perform a duty previously assigned to another, who is, by his profound knowledge of Masonry, and an eloquence as charming as it is chaste, much better qualified for the task than I am. I regret that illness has prevented him from being here.

I have the honor, Sir Knights of Richmond, to present to you the Sir Knights of De Molay and St. John, from Massachusetts and Rhode Island. They are pilgrims from afar, travelling by that light which is the great luminary of our order, and on a crusade of love and friendship to the door of your tent, where they will receive all that generous hospitality which Knights of our Order are always bound to extend to their brethren. I am glad — it is a peculiar pleasure — to welcome brothers who will uphold the Constitution, maintain the law, do justice, and regard truth; for to all this are they pledged by the principles which they hold and of which they are noble defenders. They come from a land where their forefathers won their claim to Knighthood on the red battle-field under the eye of our Grand Commander, George Washington.

Sir Knights of Massachusetts and of Rhode Island, I welcome you to the Asylum of your brethren in Virginia, where you will meet the same generous hospitality you so nobly extended to them in the old Bay State, the Pilgrim State.

Commander Gill replied in the following terms: —

Most Eminent Commanders, and Sir Knights of De Molay and St. John's Encampments, — I greet you, and in behalf of Richmond Commandery bid you welcome, a cordial welcome, to our Asylum, to our homes and firesides, and to our hearts.

Nearly a year has elapsed since it was our good fortune, when on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the lamented Warren,

to have been in your midst. We met as strangers to each other, but your warm reception, your hospitality, your care that our every want should be supplied, and each wish gratified, taught us that we were among friends and brethren; and when the painful moment of separation arrived, we felt as though we were parting with the friends of by-gone years, the friends of "Lang Syne." The recollection of that occasion is still vivid in our memories, and cannot be effaced. We regard it as one of the most interesting reminiscences of our lives, and recur to it more as a pleasing vision than as a reality.

> "O, long be our hearts with such memories filled,
> Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
> You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Sir Knights of Providence and Boston, I again bid you welcome, thrice welcome. Welcome as friends, welcome as brethren, welcome as the descendants of those noble patriots who stood side by side with the sons of Virginia, in the council and in the field, in the darkest hours of the Revolution, in the times that tried men's souls, battling for "liberty or for death."

Welcome as the sons of the soil that gave birth to Warren, to Greene, to Hancock, and to Webster. Welcome to the "Old Dominion," the birthplace of Washington, of Henry, of Marshall, and of Clay.

Most Eminent Grand Commander William Parkman of the De Molay Encampment replied in an earnest and feeling manner to these eloquent words of welcome, on behalf of his Commandery. He said: —

Sir Knights and Brethren, — I feel no ordinary degree of embarrassment in responding to your most kind and brotherly address of welcome, for I can assure you that this is the first time in my life that I ever raised my voice in an assembly so large as this. I feel embarrassed also by recollections of kindness which we have already experienced in Virginia.

Why, yesterday, when we first touched the shore of Virginia, we were met and welcomed by the Chief Magistrate of the State, and felt that we were indeed in the Old Dominion, and truly at home. We knew before that we were coming to Virginia, but did not know what Virginia hospitality was. Coming from the chilly North, where, I will admit, we are not as genial to outsiders, we were not prepared for such a reception, — a reception that will never be forgotten. I must confess that I arose from a sick bed to come here to speak to those brethren who met us last year in Boston. I speak not for myself alone, in expressing these sentiments of friendship, but for my brethren, whose hearts are pulsating with them at this moment. We come from Massachusetts and Rhode Island, where men fought for a country of which every American should be proud. We come to represent not only the Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, but those in other States who have a love for their whole country. We come to sow and propagate the seeds of brotherly love.

When it was first heard in our Encampment that the Sir Knights of Virginia were about visiting Boston, I arose and asked, "Brethren, what shall we do?" A dozen Knights leaped from their seats, and exclaimed, "Why, invite them, and entertain them as we should." The results of that meeting he would not speak of; but he hoped it had sowed the seeds of friendship in bosoms where the fruit would be for ever green, and their growth ever nurtured. We have never met since, that we have not spoken of you. You left one of your uniforms with us, which is hung up in our Hall, and it is an incident of frequent occurrence that our Knights, upon entering, go up to it and say, "How do you do, Virginia?" And we have never met our brothers of the St. John's Encampment that we have not interchanged kind recollections of that visit.

We rejoice to meet you, brethren, on your own soil, and we feel that, when we take Virginians by the hand, we are grasping the hands of the whole South.

Sir Knight Parkman's remarks were enthusiastically applauded.

M. E. G. Commander Barker replied to the welcoming address on behalf of the Knights of St. John. He said: —

Most Eminent Commander, — Accept our sincere thanks for the courteous and knightly reception with which you and your Commandery have honored us on this occasion.

When your Commandery favored us with a visit last June, little did we think, or expect, that in less than one year from that time we should find ourselves transported to this beautiful city, and stand side by side with those valiant and magnanimous Knights who then for the first time made a pilgrimage to the tomb of our beloved Warren.

This is to most of us our first visit to your Commandery, or to the noble Commonwealth of Virginia. We rejoice to see this day. And we assure you, that it affords us peculiar pleasure to have it in our power to accept your knightly invitation, to make this visit, and to take by the hand these loyal Templars whom it was our privilege to welcome last season in Providence.

It has been said, the Knights, our honored ancestors of old, were engaged in hostile array and in mortal combat with Saracen and infidel. With sword and spear, helmet and shield, battle-axe and claymore, they fought in defence of the innocent, the destitute, the helpless, and the Christian religion.

Their motives were pure, their aspirations holy. With the strictest and most rigid Christian and military discipline, united under one common head, they were irresistible.

They went forth "conquering and to conquer," and thousands of ensanguined fields, made red with the blood of their enemies and their own commingled, attest their noble daring and heroic prowess. They stopped not to count their enemies until they were prostrate in dust. Three to one — nay, oftimes, ten to one — against them, had no terror in their eyes. They had faith in their motto, *In hoc Signo vinces*, and they did conquer. They accomplished in their day their mission.

Now how changed the scene, how different the pursuit, ends, and aims of the Knights of the present day! Now our pilgrim-

ages are friendship, love, and knightly hospitality; — no unfriendly Turk or Mussulman to retard our visitation, we come from one extreme part of our extended country to the other, from the North to the South, from the East to the West, knowing no difference, all feeling that we are brothers. May we not hope that, under the direction of our blessed Emmanuel, these our interchanges of visits and commingling of feeling may prove a blessing to our entire country, and be the means of holding together and cementing more strongly the ties of Union and Friendship, not only of the members of the Masonic orders, but of the entire citizenship of the whole of our beloved United States of America, so that all may be able to say, *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit!*

Commander Parkman of the De Molays, at the conclusion of the remarks of Commander Barker, introduced Dr. Winslow Lewis, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. In response Dr. Lewis made one of his characteristic speeches, full of *bonhommie*, as well as good sense, and dignity. His remarks were received in the same spirit which dictated them, and were warmly applauded. He said that he had been unexpectedly called upon, not from any merit of his own, but because he held the highest office in the brotherhood in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. But high official position does not confer upon its possessor the gift of oratory. He stood mute, overwhelmed by the presence of the fair outsiders who surrounded them. He felt as if he had been perforated in all directions by the shots from their bright eyes. The wounds they inflicted did not produce anguish, but ecstasy, yet they deprived him of the power to command language appropriate to express his thanks for the kind reception the Sir Knights from New England had met with. He represented Massachusetts, whose history

is well known, and Rhode Island, the land of Roger Williams, the defender of religious liberty. He appeared as a venerable father, for his hairs were gray, and he pointed with pride to these his children, the Sir Knights of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, of whom he could say with the Spartan mother, "These are my jewels," and with Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, *Si requiris monumenta circumspice.*

When the pleasant remarks of Doctor Lewis were concluded, the Richmond ladies commenced an assault upon the visiting Knights, which for the moment disconcerted them, although they manifested no disposition to fly the field. Numberless bouquets of the rarest and fairest flowers were thrown over the heads of the Richmond Knights, directly into the ranks of the New-Englanders, and if the attacking force had followed up their advantage promptly, they might have captured the entire battalion of Sir Knights from abroad. While the ladies were making this hostile demonstration, the Providence Band, stationed in the gallery, struck up an enlivening air, and when it was concluded, the Grand Commanders, Sir Knights Lewis, Parkman, and Barker, were escorted to the platform, the audience cheering loudly during the proceeding.

Sir Knight Lyons received them, and said that one Knight had extolled the great courage and daring of the Templars in the olden times, who could conquer though the odds were ten to one; but one of the visiting Knights (Dr. Lewis) just now confessed that he was compelled to lower the point of his lance when he found himself in an ambuscade of ladies. Yet what could he have done save to surrender? What could any true Knight do but lay down his arms, and yield himself to the tender

mercies of such arms as surrounded them? He sympathized with that Sir Knight in his sufferings, for he knew that intense pleasure produces a degree of suffering, and he feared that his friend would be pained still more before he was done with his Virginia friends. His sufferings, and those of his companions, were not yet over, for even now he had to present to them a piece of the handiwork of the wife of a Sir Knight.

He then presented to them a floral Maltese cross, suspended in an elegant wreath of artificial flowers. The flowers were attached to the frame of the cross by golden breastpins, each of which was a Masonic emblem. The most exquisite taste was displayed in this beautiful offering.

Sir Knight Lyons proceeded to say: "But this is not all; for the pilgrim has always some new hardship to encounter, the Knight some new danger to meet. I am about to add to the sweet perfume of flowers, the bewitching words of woman." He then read the following poetical "Welcome," written by Mrs. Wirt Robinson: —

WELCOME TO THE PILGRIMS.

We bid ye welcome from the East,
  Thrice welcome to our homes;
With cordial grasp we now attest,
  Brother to brother comes.
As Pilgrim Fathers, who of old
  Achieved a noble fame,
So your beneficence excelled
  When our Knight Templar's name
Was registered with those most dear
  Beneath your proud roof-tree,
Whose germination blest the care
  Of Mason ancestry.

With stranger worship at your shrine,
Though Craftsman tried and true,
They came with cross, device, and sign,
"Voluntas Dei," too.
Like brethren long loved and known,
Masons of high degree,
Ye made each day a magic zone, —
Each hour a memory, —
That twined around your altar-stone
Memento wreaths, so rare,
That, till life's latest thought has flown,
Their charms will cluster there.

Could woman's voice proclaim in song,
Like pæan chants of yore,
Responsive echoes, pure and strong,
Her heart-strings pulsate o'er, —
'T would tell how nobly good, and true
To suffering mankind,
Amid the haunts where joys are few,
Thy footprints we e'er find.
Within the sorrow-clouded home,
Beneath the pall of grief,
With ministry of peace ye come,
With solace and relief.
In many a cot, however poor,
By many a saddened hearth,
Thy sacred mission opes the door,
And points above the earth.
Like dew-drops on the arid soil,
Like balm unto the heart,
So Charity, like holy oil,
Lends life a better part:
That while it blesses, elevates,
In comforting, it cheers,
Through life the spirit it elates,
In death bright hopes it rears.
Let floral incense emblem well
The friendship we 'd extend,
And beauty of each tinted bell
"Bright hieroglyphic" lend,

Till, like a precious rosary,
Each blossom seems a prayer,
Each petal hallowed imagery,
To "all who 've passed the square."

The presentation of the cross and circle, and reading of the poem, were followed by loud and prolonged applause. Gilmore's Band next performed an elaborate piece, arranged from operatic music, which was listened to with much apparent gratification by the entire audience.

M. E. Grand Commander Parkman addressed the ladies in a pleasant speech of thanks for the tokens of their esteem. Man has his cross to bear, he said, but one so beautiful as this, laid on by the fair hands of woman, becomes a pleasing burden, — such a one as every Knight of New England would be anxious to bear.

A stalwart Sir Knight of New Jersey, Sir M. J. Drummond, of the Hugh de Payen Commandery of that State, now came forward, and, on behalf of his Commandery, presented to the Richmond Templars a handsome banner, — the Beauseant, or battle-flag of the Order. It was a beautiful standard, the lower half black, the upper half white, with two black bars, suspended upon a mahogany staff, surmounted by a gold cross. In presenting the banner, Sir Knight Drummond made the following address : —

Worthy Sir Knight, Eminent Sir, and Sir Knights, — I have the honor to tender, for your acceptance, with all knightly courtesy, from the Hugh de Payen Commandery of Knights Templars of New Jersey, the celebrated Beauseant, or battle-standard, of our Order. To the veteran Sir Knights an explanation of the celebrated flag may be deemed unnecessary, but to the younger or newly initiated Sir Knights there may be no impropriety in explaining the definition of the word *Beauseant*,

which means "fair and pleasant to Christians, but black and terrible to infidels." The Beauseant was first raised by Hugh de Payen, Geoffrey of St. Omer's, and seven other valiant Knights, who fought under the banners of Godfrey of Bouillon, and assisted at the siege and capture of Jerusalem, A. D. 1099. A score of years had elapsed after that event; when these pious and valiant Knights, in consequence of the shocking cruelties perpetrated on the unoffending pilgrims, bound themselves by a solemn vow to devote the remainder of their lives to warfare against the ferocious Saracens, who occupied the mountain passes, and to protect the poor and weary pilgrims, male and female, travelling from afar, who at the shrine of our Lord and Saviour desired to offer up their orisons, and pay their vows; for so numerous had they become, that they were styled "the armies of the Lord"; and it is recorded that seven thousand pilgrims, old and young, females and children, visited the Holy Sepulchre in one year. The Beauseant was thus raised to protect the Christian maiden, the destitute widow, the helpless orphan, and the Christian religion, — whence they were first termed "the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," afterwards styled Templars.

And when battling at the walls of Jerusalem, in the mountain passes of Lebanon, the burning deserts of Syria, or the flowery fields of Damascus, whether in the open field or mounting the deadly breach, the Beauseant was at all times first in the assault, and the last in retreat. The Order had become so feared and respected for its desperate courage, that it was deemed the strong arm of defence against the infidel, and even the lion-hearted Richard deigned to invoke its protection on his departure to Europe.

The Beauseant, for two hundred years engaged in all the great battles of Palestine, is hallowed by a thousand endearing recollections to every true and valiant Templar, and I now present it in the name of Hugh de Payen, without spot or blemish, and with it this pious offering of a Christian virgin,* —

* The speaker had received one of the flowers thrown by the ladies.

one of the band I have sworn by my knightly obligation to defend with my sword and purse, if necessary; for I know too well my obligation as given by St. Bernard in 1128, Article 43, — that no Knight shall receive a gift unless he first obtain permission of the Grand Master. The Beauseant once floated proudly in Palestine, but the machinations of a Philip and a Clement trailed it in the dust, and with it that model of courage and integrity, James De Molay, who suffered martyrdom at the stake rather than tarnish its fair fame. In presence of the noble descendants of the Templars now before us, and the right valiant Knights of St. John, I raise the Beauseant, and, backed by their stout hearts and sharp sabres, will cheerfully defend it; and to Richmond Commandery we now intrust its future keeping, feeling that, in the hands of Knights whose fame is spread both far and wide for deeds of charity and knightly hospitality, its fame will be untarnished; and that, when raised by command of their chief, willing hearts, strong arms, and keen sabres will support and defend it. Receive it, worthy Sir Knight, and place it in the West, that the brilliant rays of the rising sun, shedding their lustre on it, may encourage and animate all true and courteous Knights, and confound and dismay their enemies.

Sir Knight Thomas J. Evans, of Richmond, replied as follows, on behalf of the Richmond Commandery: —

With pleasure and with pride, and in the knightly spirit with which it is tendered, we accept this beautiful flag. Allow me, Sir Knight, in the name of the Richmond Commandery, which I have the honor to represent, to return through you to the Hugh de Payen Commandery of New Jersey, of which you are the Most Eminent Commander, our thanks — our sincere thanks — for this token of your fraternal kindness, so fitly expressed in the presentation of this flag.

Allow me to assure you, Sir Knight, that while we shall greatly prize it for its intrinsic value and its beauty, to us it will have a higher value, — we shall prize it the more for the

generous spirit which prompted the donation. We shall be constantly reminded that it was a gift from New Jersey to Virginia. It will ever remind us, too, of the deeds of noble daring of the valiant founders of our Order, who bore its like on the field of honor and of battle only in defence of merit and of truth. May the spirit of Hugh de Payen ever inspire us with a fixed and steady purpose of mind to preserve without stain or tarnish the Beauseant of ancient days.

It is said that the days of chivalry have passed away. True, its peculiar manifestations may not now be seen, but I cannot believe that its spirit is extinct. The last hundred years have given to the world instances of heroism and courage of which the proudest Knights of antiquity might well have been proud. Nor need we wander from the shores of our own continent for illustrations. Bunker Hill and Quebec; Germantown and Trenton; Yorktown, Lundy's Lane, and Chippewa; Chepultepec and Cherubusco; Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo, — have been the scenes of valor unsurpassed in any land and in any period of the world's history.

I cannot doubt then, that, if to protect the honor of innocent maidens, to defend destitute widows, helpless orphans, our glorious country, or our blessed religion, we should be called to the field of battle, the Knights of our Order and of our day will be as ready to draw the trusty sword as in days of yore: and that these of the Richmond Commandery will not suffer this time-honored flag to trail in the dust till the last lance be broken and the last sword be shattered.

We hail this flag as the evidence of another link in that chain of confidence and affection which now binds the citizens of our sister States. Closer and tighter may that silver chain be drawn, and palsied be the arm that would strike a blow at its integrity. But we claim to be men of deeds rather than of words.

> Again, Sir Knight, we thank thee,
> And rest assured, my gallant Knight,
> That in defence of truth and right,
> "Beneath this flag we'll proudly fight,
> And die, if need be."

Sir Knights of the Richmond Commandery, I charge you, defend it, — by the recollection of the past, the dignity of the present, and the solemnity of the future, I invoke you to guard it from dishonor.

The exercises at the hall were now concluded, and the Templars filed out, and were soon followed by the audience. The ceremonies of the reception were simple, characterized by no pomp or straining after effect; but they excited constant interest during their progress, and produced the deepest gratification in the bosoms of the visiting Templars. The fine body of Sir Knights occupying the middle portion of the hall, bordered on each side by rows of female beauty, and beleaguered by bright eyes, — the insignia of the Order displayed upon the walls, — the rich and beautiful floral decorations on every hand, — together produced an impression that will not soon be erased from the minds of those who witnessed the unusual scene.

On leaving the Mechanics' Institute Hall, the Encampments were escorted by the Richmond Commandery down Bank Street to Nineteenth, up Nineteenth to Broad, along Broad to the corner of Twenty-fifth, down Twenty-fifth to Main, up Main to Nineteenth, up Nineteenth to Franklin, then up Franklin to the Masonic Hall.

The knightly procession was witnessed by thousands of the citizens of Richmond, whose admiration of the spectacle was freely expressed. Before reaching Masonic Hall a shower began to fall; but a grateful asylum was found within, where tables were spread and tempting viands collated with all the accessories the most exigent *bon-vivant* would desire at a feast. The bountiful refreshments were highly appreciated by the Sir

Knights after the fatigues of the march, and they remained in the hall a considerable time, enjoying the shelter of the outer man from the rain, and the recreation of the inner man as well.

When the feasting was ended, Sir Knight Benjamin Deane, of the De Molay Encampment, requested the attention of the company while he read the following telegraphic despatch: —

Boston, May 17, 1859.

To Benjamin Deane, *De Molay Encampment:* —

The mangled remains of Winslow Lewis Lodge to their wandering brethren send fraternal greeting, that is, with loving hearts to our half-sister De Molay Encampment, we give our best wishes, as we have already given our most precious jewels. Peace and prosperity be with you. So mote it be.

CLEMENT A. WALKER,
Past Master Winslow Lewis Lodge.

Three cheers were heartily given for Winslow Lewis Lodge of Boston, and a season of social interchange of sentiment followed.

A toast proposed by Commander Parkman of the De Molay Encampment was received with cheers, and Sir Knight Joseph Mayo, Mayor of Richmond, responded in a genial strain. He welcomed the Pilgrim Knights of New England to Richmond, claiming a right to do so, as he had been made "boss" of the city by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. Three cheers were immediately proposed, and given, for the "boss" of Richmond.

Further pleasant remarks were made by Sir Knights Parkman and Mayo, and the band played "Yankee Doodle" by way of adding spirit to the scene.

Sir Knight Hamilton Willis of the De Molay Encamp-

ment, being called upon, made a humorous response to the remarks of the Honorable Mayor, and the festivities were closed with "America," —

> "My native country, thee,
> Land of the noble free,
> Of thee I sing," &c., —

played by the band and sung by the whole company.

The Sir Knights now left Masonic Hall, and, taking up their line of march, proceeded up Franklin Street to Eighteenth, down Eighteenth to Main, up Main to Ninth, thence to the Capitol Square, thence to Thirteenth Street, and thence to the First Baptist Church.

CHAPTER VI.

Exercises at the First Baptist Church. — Oration of Sir Knight Rev. J. Lansing Burrows. — Another Collation. — Preparations for the Family Banquet.

The Pilgrim Knights and their friends, on arriving at the First Baptist Church, found that spacious building well filled, chiefly with ladies, who had assembled, in spite of the rain, to listen to an Oration by Rev. J. Lansing Burrows, pastor of the Church. On entering the church the Templars took positions in the aisles, and the three bands of musicians marched to the galleries. The Sir Knights took seats in the body of the house which had been assigned for them, and listened first to the "Wedding March," from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, played with much effect by Gilmore's Band. The choir belonging to the St. Paul's Church then sang an anthem, with much taste and expression.

After the singing, Sir Knight Rev. F. J. Boggs, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, addressed the Throne of Grace in the following

PRAYER.

Almighty and most merciful God, our Heavenly Father: We adore and bless thy great and exalted name for the innumerable benefits thou hast bestowed upon us. We acknowl-

edge thy mercy in sparing our lives, though we confess our sins have rendered us unworthy of thy care; yet, O Lord, we humbly pray thee, enter not into judgment with us.

We thank thee for the light of thy truth, by which we are enabled to discover the nature and force of our obligations to thee, and find the highest encouragements in the performance of our duties. Pardon, we beseech thee, our indifference in discovering thy will concerning us, and our many imperfections in serving thee, and may it be our aim to increase in knowledge, virtue, and every grace that may illustrate the purity of our principles and a proper devotion to thy cause.

We render thanks unto thee, O Lord, for vouchsafing unto us the pleasures of this joyous occasion, and especially for the privilege afforded us, as pilgrims, in meeting together and exchanging our warm congratulations. Help us, we pray, that under the force of truth, and in the light of the valuable tenets of our Order, it may be an occasion of pure rejoicing and profit to us all.

Bless our time-honored institution. May the light of thy favor continue to rest upon it. May we never be a reproach in the earth, nor derogate from the high character of our profession: and grant that we may not be unmindful of the solemn and impressive lessons we have received, — "whether treading the tessellated floor, ascending into the middle chamber, entering the sanctum sanctorum, passing the gates of the temple, working amid the ruins of its arches," or contemplating that impressive scene that inspires the hope of a glorious resurrection. Especially may we, as Sir Knights, cherish a sacred remembrance of our obligations, and seek to "succor, defend, and protect the helpless and distressed," and stand forth as champions to espouse that cause that should be endeared to the heart of every valiant and magnanimous Knight.

Help us to inculcate, enforce, and practise virtue, ever remembering that "armed with the mystic sword of Faith, Hope, and Charity, with Justice, Fortitude, and Mercy," we shall have a strong defence of right, and an assurance of a glorious triumph over error.

And now, Lord, we ask thy merciful and protecting care over these, our brethren, *pilgrims* from afar, who meet with us in these *friendly dominions* to cement and strengthen those ties of our order which no sectional or political strife has ever torn asunder, and which we trust, in the hour of danger, will be found enduring, and assist in perpetuating the union of our free and happy land. Prosper them in their *pilgrimage*. Bless them with health while amongst us. Save them from accident. Watch over the friends and families they have left behind, and grant them a safe return and pleasant recollections of their pilgrimage.

Command thy blessing upon us in our social greetings, and may we engage in nothing that will tarnish our names or offend thee.

Let not our minds be dazzled with that which is merely external, forgetting to have engraven upon our hearts the importance of a proper discharge of our duties, and the solemn truth that our earthly pilgrimage is fast drawing to an end; but may we live faithful to our obligations to thee, that we may die in the triumphs of a hope of immortality, and land on the blissful shore, and in the presence of the just be greeted and received as brethren in the heavenly *Asylum*, and receive at the hands of our *risen Saviour* the welcome plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And to thy great and glorious name we will ascribe eternal praise, through Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

Sir Knight Rev. J. Lansing Burrows then proceeded to deliver, in presence of the assembled Knights Templars, the following

ORATION.

Shades of Miles Standish and Walter Raleigh! of Colonel Pride and Prince Rupert! of Oliver Cromwell and Charles I.! do ye witness this scene? Look ye from the dim spirit-land with complacency or with scorn upon this affable mingling of

your posterity, courteously fraternizing, smiling upon each other, winding their arms around each other's shoulders in brotherly embrace, transmitting and absorbing convivial inspiration from each other's laughing eyes?

Ye grim old Roundheads, and jocund Cavaliers! ye stern Regicides and scoffing Malignants! ye earnest Protesters and zealous Engagers! ye shaggy Crop-ears and profane Lovelocks! can ye not send to us, through some reliable spiritualistic media, a specimen of the temper and sentiment with which ye apprehend such doings as these, if indeed ye apprehend them at all?

Those doughty fathers of ours, irreconcilable in life, perhaps fancied that they should perpetuate their feuds into the coming generations, and that their children and children's children should be religiously taught to crop their hair or curl their locks, and hate and fight each other through all ages, world without end. The short hair of the one faction would have bristled "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and the incurvated locks of the other party would have straightened out like vine-tendrils under a white frost, at the bare idea that their children should ever forget their faith or principles, — the essence of which was, to abhor and throttle each other.

I am happy to believe that, if they now take any interest in mundane affairs, they are pleased that the legacies they bequeathed have been dissipated; that their wills have not found executors; or that the executors have found no goods of this sort to distribute.

It is far better as it is. It is much pleasanter to meet in the rivalry of mutual fellowship and affection, than with our hands in each other's hair, and our grasp upon each other's throats. There is something in the atmosphere and sunlight of this land — something in its social, spiritual, and civil institutions — fitted to assimilate all the different nationalities into one new and homogeneous race. Old prejudices and peculiarities can scarcely be transmitted beyond one generation. The dust of the fatherland may cling to the feet that have trodden in it, but when the children come, their little feet are bare and clean,

and you can hardly make them other than one people. Into the caldron of political and social affinities we baptize all comers, and they emerge smelted, purified; all the different metals combining to form a new one, more malleable and practicable for purposes useful and ornamental, than any or all the separate original elements.

What do we see here? Massachusetts, picking up Rhode Island in courteous fellowship, on the way to Virginia. The sons of John Cotton impressing into a loving communion — a travelling sodality — the sons of Roger Williams, and both marching to greet, in loving fraternity and affection, the children of Pocahontas and John Smith. We would that it should not be forgotten that the first of the illustrious American family of John Smith was a Virginian; while, gentlemen, we do you the justice to acknowledge that the first eminent *Cotton*-grower was a Massachusetts man.

And now, illustrious Sir Knights of New England, as you have ventured here upon our soil, it may be well that, at the outset, we should come to a mutual understanding as to certain differences between us.

Scarce a year has elapsed since certain of our Virginia Templars were found by you on Massachusetts soil. We have heard with, I trust, suitable emotions, of the treatment which these wandering Knights received at your hands in Boston and Providence. We understand that they were seized, made captives, and put upon their ransom; that they were watched, guarded, paraded about the streets as a show, scarcely permitted to pass beyond their prison doors without watchful attendance; that they were fed upon — well, I will not trust myself to say what they were fed upon; and that the drink you provided for them was not always pure — water.

We learn that you refused even to permit them to sleep sufficiently for the needs of nature, keeping them from their beds until late hours at night, or early hours in the morning, and even then sometimes following them into their chambers, as though fearful of trusting them out of your sight.

We are informed that you forced them to the very verge of

all sorts of perils, pushing them to the very edge of the frightful pond on Boston Common, leading them to the dome of the State House, forcing them to drag their wearied limbs to the top of Bunker Hill Monument, and bidding them look over, making their heads giddy, while you stood behind them laughing at their terror as they shrank back. Why, Sir Knights, if you had pushed our companions over from that height, some of them might have had broken arms or legs; or at least might have scratched their comely faces, thus marring their beauty; or bruised their armor, thus putting them to expense! You even marshalled them through a graveyard, as if to terrify them with the emblems of death, or threaten them with a speedy burial. Various other modes did you adopt for expressing the perturbation and boisterousness of your emotions, which, out of regard to the reputation of the Order, I must not speak of in the ears of the uninitiated.

We learn, too, that it was only after incredible and repeated schemings and labors, that our noble Sir Knights succeeded in escaping from your watch and ward; that you pursued them even beyond the limits of your own territory; and that it was by a rough and rugged road that they found their way home.

And now, Templars of New England, you, in your turn, are in our homes: you have had the temerity to venture within our encampment. Can we forget the treatment our brethren received from you? We do not perceive that you feel humbled or ashamed at being reminded of the character of your conduct toward our companions. We fancy that even now you are maliciously chuckling over it.

Sir Knights, we proclaim against you the *lex talionis*. We are bent upon revenge. Guard yourselves. It shall go hard with us if we do not send you back as good as you gave. We can hardly hope to surpass your outbreaks against our companions when they were in your power. You absolutely took from them that highest boon of Heaven, — that proudest boast of Knights Templars, — their liberty, and subjected them to your own will and pleasure.

In the course of human events you have become our cap-

tives now, and the measure you meted to us will we measure to you again. Hope not for peace or rest or mercy. It is our fell purpose to strain your limbs and stretch your throats; to exhibit you proudly and publicly as the captives of sword and lance. Your backs shall ache, and so shall all the organs in anteposition thereto. You shall go where we direct, stay where we place you, sleep when we permit you, eat of such fare as we choose to provide for you; and if it should chance to be a crust of bread and a cup of water, it will only be renewing some of the experiences of the years of your pilgrimage, and enduring over again the privations which all have submitted to who have worthily sought admission into our illustrious Order. And when your penance is complete, your penitence sincere, — when you submissively acknowledge yourselves in our power, and rightfully at our disposal, — it is possible that we may take pity upon your sufferings, and at length, finding you humbled and amended, bid you depart to your homes in peace.

And now, as a portion of the penance prescribed to you for your manifold derelictions, you are required to listen respectfully and reverently to a homily which I have been appointed to pronounce. The infliction may be a severe one to you, but I hope you will endure it patiently and wakefully. Some things hard to bear are necessary as discipline and chastisement for our faults, and among them listening to a lecture, on a sunny morning in May, is one. I hope you will endure it like brave Knights, accustomed to severe self-denial.

We are here happy to meet with you, Brothers, Companions, Knights, upon an occasion so pleasant. For it is pleasant to meet in these fraternal assemblages, to greet old friends, and to stretch the chords of our hearts, so that they shall entwine new friends within the mystic circle of brotherly confidence and affection. Man grows selfish by living alone. Confined within the limits of the farm or workshop, the counting-room or the office, there is but little space for that development of the affections which is necessary in order to strengthen them, and procure the highest enjoyment. The

heart is cultivated, and its felicities are multiplied, by expansion. Some speak as though man was capable only of a given amount of love, which must be concentrated in order to highest enjoyment, and which is necessarily weakened by extension to every new object. It is an erroneous notion. The more we truly and purely love, the more intensely are we capable of loving each individual drawn within the pressure of the affections. The father does not find his love for his first-born child diminished, when a sixth or a tenth comes to claim a share. The first has it all, each intermediate little one has it all, and yet he finds he can fix it all upon the baby; and that, too, without depriving the mother of any. The truth is, love is like light, unwasted by use. One man alone in a forty-acre lot has all the sunshine; but he has just as much if a thousand men gather within the fence. He loses none because its rays fall upon others. Each one has it all, and every new-comer finds all its rays beaming upon himself, without diverting a single ray from any other. So it is with the love of the heart. If I love ten friends dearly, I can take an eleventh into my affections without the slightest diminution of regard for any one of the ten; and if the eleventh, then the hundredth or thousandth. More than this, I am multiplying the sources of my own felicity by multiplying the objects of my love. If the love of one faithful friend makes me happy, then the love of ten makes me ten times happy, and the love of a thousand a thousand times happy. It is true there are peculiar kinds of affection, growing out of our social relations, which cannot be transferred or rivalled. You can love no other man's mother with the same kind of affection as your own dear mother, no other man's child or wife, as you love your own. But you rob not a mother or child or wife of any affection by loving one or a hundred friends. And the God that formed us, knowing the wonderful capabilities of the heart which he created, has made love supreme to himself, and love to our neighbors as ourselves, the sum and substance of all his commandments. What a happy world would this be, if every one in it cherished and exercised in daily life all the love of which he is

capable. I have seen an elastic cord, encircling a single paper, and it was loose and easily blown from the table by a passing breeze. But as paper after paper was thrust within the fold, the pressure tightened around all, holding each more closely, and the original document more securely than before. So, have I thought, is it with the affections. Like these elastic cords, they are capable of indefinite expansion, but that very expansion renders them more tenacious in their hold upon all, and especially upon the central objects of regard. The sum of all this is simply this, that we cannot love too many nor too much; and this I believe to be good Masonry, as I am sure it is good theology. It is in view of these principles that I say, we are happy to meet you, to form new friendships by this joyous gathering, because we are sure we shall find new objects of fraternal regard, and consequently an augmentation of the sources of happiness.

But it is time to introduce the special theme upon which I propose to speak.

There are some who find or frame objections to the fraternity with which we deem it an honor to be united. There are others who doubt whether its influence is wholly beneficent, and fear lest there may be evil concealed beneath its mysteries. Now, without formally enumerating objections, or attempting to reason against prejudices, I propose simply and truthfully attempting to show WHAT TEMPLAR LAWS REQUIRE OF TEMPLAR KNIGHTS. This is the theme which I especially propose to discuss. I shall be able, of course, to touch but a few points within the limits permitted to an address. But, without entering into prohibited particulars, I shall aim to present some of the more prominent principles of the Order.

What, then, are the doctrines adopted, and the duties required, of every man who is *worthily* associated with the fraternity?

I say worthily; for it is not to be denied that there are unworthy Masons and Templars, as there are unworthy members of every other organization, not excepting that highest of

earthly organizations, the Church of God. If the character of an institution is to be judged by the improper conduct or crimes of some of its members, then there is no pure or useful society on earth.

I. *Templar Masonry requires of Knights fraternal confidence, sympathy, and love.*

Masons are taught to confide in each other, to trust each other implicitly. According to the principles of the Order, a Knight is sure to find a trusty, sympathetic friend in every other Knight, though he may have been a stranger to him personally. And in this world, where there is so much of cold suspicion, and jealousy, and distrust, is it not cheering to know that there are faithful hearts into which we can pour our sorrows and griefs and wrongs, and be assured that they will be met by no sneering repulse, no frigid exhortation to "take care of yourself, and manage your affairs better," no chilling inquiry of the eye or tongue, "What is this to me?" — but that you will rather find a warm, brotherly sympathy, which is at once interested for you, ready to soothe and counsel and aid? A Mason always has a right — a right which is promptly recognized by a true brother — to ask for advice and sympathy and aid, and to fear no betrayal or exposure, to dread no unkind repulse. In all his relations in life, the Mason is taught, that on the one hand it is his duty to give, and that on the other hand he has a right to expect, countenance and assistance from his brethren. Other things being equal, a Mason has the first claim upon a Mason. Of course there is no right to require a sacrifice of any of the political, social, or religious interests or relations of life; there is no right to demand a crime or self-injury; but, as I have already said, other things being equal, a Knight is always bound to prefer a Knight. Is it objected, that this is a wrong and selfish principle? But how is it so? Is not every man conscious of an attraction of affinity toward some of his fellow-men rather than toward others? There are some men in whom you prefer to confide, deal in business, be associated on more intimate

and friendly terms than with others. You will aid them as you may have opportunity, throw business in their way, seek so far as you can to advance all their interests. If there are none toward whom you feel such proclivities, no man for whose prosperity and happiness you feel a warmer interest than for the mass of mankind, you are to be pitied as a poor, selfish mortal, whose social affections have been frozen by intense worldliness, or having been originally chilled in a harsh, ungenial nature, have never been thawed out by benevolence and fraternal sympathy. Now this general sympathy, common to our humanity in its higher and nobler types, Masonry guides along certain prescribed paths. On some satisfactory grounds every man has certain preferences and leanings towards certain other men. Other things being equal, Masons prefer Masons. There are reasons why they should do so, and in doing so they are only directing into definite channels those sympathies and encouragements which must find objects somewhere. If two men sustain to you precisely the same general relations, and you, by your influence, can promote the interests of one of them, you will give that influence in his favor with whom you have the closest sympathy, — for whom you feel the warmest affection. You would not injure the other, but your affinities and affections draw you toward your most intimate friend. Every man is conscious of this, and it is right. Masonry requires this, — Templarism requires it. Nothing more, nothing less. Within the limits of right and justice and honor, a Mason will always prefer a Mason. Not that he is required to prefer one to his own serious detriment, or to the still more endearing claims of wife and children and kindred. Masonry encourages no neglect of the laws of natural and social affection; it rather insists upon their faithful observance; but it regards every Mason as a brother, to be honored and aided and served and loved, as opportunities may be afforded.

Like all other good principles, these may be neglected, disregarded; but I am speaking not of exceptional facts, but of what Masonry, in its essential spirit, requires.

II. *Templar Laws require of Knights submission to rightful authority.*

It recognizes none of those wild doctrines in abuse of liberty which induce a man to set himself up as his own lord and lawgiver. It demands, and so far as its influence extends cherishes, obedience to established laws, a cheerful yielding to authority, a merging of self into society. Governed by republican usages, adopted before political republicanism was known, it gives its disciples a voice in the house of their own rulers; yet when chosen, it insists upon submission and docility, prompt and unmurmuring obedience. No man too wise or headstrong to submit cheerfully to the decisions and decrees of constituted authorities, to manifest a tractable spirit, and to render unhesitating obedience to official mandates, within prescribed laws, need seek for Masonic association. He must learn to yield implicitly to the will of the majority in all matters not pertaining to the landmarks, usages, and statutes of the Order; and even in regard to these, he must submit unmurmuringly to the decision of those who are authorized to decide. The "order that is Heaven's first law," finds some of its most beautiful illustrations in the intercourse of Masons.

And in these days of demagogism and insubordination, when men so often refuse to recognize any other law than their own wild passions, when turbulent selfishness so often overrides law, how useful a lesson is this to learn! The man who practically learns, no matter where, that he belongs not to himself, but to God and society, — that his own selfish interests are to yield to the general good, — that his own perverse will is to bend before authority and law, — will have learned a lesson that will make him a better and more useful citizen, a more contented and happier man. If he learn them nowhere else, Masonry will teach him these lessons, in such form that he will not be likely to forget them. And if the principles thus gained within the Order be transferred to the outer daily life, he can scarcely fail to become a wiser, better, and more useful man. Masonry, though it introduced the best elements of republicanism in an age of despotism, and thus

inaugurated a radical protest against irresponsible authority, is still eminently conservative in all its principles, with no leanings toward a rampant and turbulent republicanism, whether red or black. It holds a check rein and a curb bit upon fanaticism and demagogism in all shapes.

III. Still again: *Templar Laws require of Knights the exercise of a benevolent charity.*

This is the grand external characteristic of the Order. It is that outward manifestation by which more than by any other it is known to the world. No man can be a worthy or consistent Mason or Templar, without the exercise of practical benevolence. There are certain charitable objects to which he must give when called upon. Ay, even though it require a second and a third scrutiny of his purse or pockets, when he might have thought they were already empty. He must search honestly and faithfully, or some keener eye than his own will detect the concealed coin which he withholds. When in circumstances of depression and want, uncaused by crime or vice, the Mason has a claim upon his brethren for encouragement and aid, which he knows will be met. So far as may consistently be, his necessities will be supplied, and his efforts to retrieve his embarrassed fortunes be encouraged and assisted. And even if the undue indulgence of evil passions and appetites have procured infirmity or poverty, it is made the duty of his brothers to warn and remonstrate, to seek to reclaim, to reinspire him with a consciousness of his manhood, and to smile upon every step taken in the path of reformation and virtue. The application of the widow or orphan children of a deceased brother for aid, cannot be repulsed or frowned away. A generous response must be made. Often has the steward of Masonic charities had happy reason to magnify and exult in his blessed office, after the manner of the Patriarch Job: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." By

the fundamental laws of the Order, each one of us is required "to afford succor to the distressed, to divide our bread with the industrious poor, and to put the misguided traveller into the right way. These are duties of the craft suitable to its dignity and usefulness. And though a Mason is never to shut his ear unkindly against the complaints of any of the human race, yet when a brother is oppressed or suffers, he is in a more peculiar manner called upon to open his whole soul in love and compassion to him, and to relieve him without prejudice, according to his capacity." The Mason's benevolence and fraternal compassion are required to have a quick ear and a keen eye, to apprehend the cry of the sufferer, though his form may be invisible, or to detect a mute appeal, though the native language of the applicant may be unknown. Masonry has a language of benevolence, which is peculiarly its own; methods of revealing and relieving distress with which the stranger intermeddleth not.

IV. The fundamental laws of the Temple also *require of Knights a firm belief in the existence, sovereignty, and providence of God.*

A Mason cannot be an Atheist. The connection of one with the Masonic fraternity who denies the existence of a supreme, overruling God, would be a mockery and an absurdity, equalled only by such a one applying for admission into a Christian church or a Hebrew synagogue. The very fact of his union with the fraternity involves, necessarily, the assent of his faith to this as a fundamental principle. If he deny his belief and trust in God, he cannot walk one step in harmony or sympathy with his brethren of the craft. All Masonic rites and duties, as an entire system, and in all their details, involve and demand this belief as fundamental and essential. Without it, Masonry has no meaning, no beauty, no power. It is foundation, corner-stone, and key-stone of the edifice. Remove it, and the structure has neither foundation, corner-stone, nor key-stone, and what sort of building would you have without either? Nothing but a mass of chaotic fragments! This faith is the cement, too, which binds the stones of the

building together into the solid wall. We have, Masonically, no warrant for a Mason's faith toward his brother, no reason for believing him true or honest, no hold upon his affections, no guaranty for his faithfulness in any Masonic relation, unless he have faith in God. It is the essential warp of the Masonic garment, without which the woof is only a mass of separated, tangled threads.

Do you think I put this view forward too strongly? Every Mason knows that human language, in the employment of its most vigorous terms, cannot be too strong to convey the full force of this idea; — from the very moment when he sets his foot within the guarded precincts, through every stage and step of his progress, he is required to assent to it, to profess it, to defend it. There can scarcely be conceived a grosser incongruity, a more ridiculous mockery, than that of a man who doubts the existence or sovereignty of God being associated with the Masonic fraternity, claiming its privileges, observing its ceremonies, or performing its duties.

Now, is there anything in the belief of an overruling, ever-present God, an all-seeing Eye, scrutinizing every emotion of the heart and every step of the life, fitted to restrain men from wrong, and to prompt to what is right and pure? Is not such a belief, firmly and frequently repeated, adapted to make men better in all the relations of life? We admit, and we admit it sadly, that in the humiliating depravity of man's nature, even such a belief does not always have that practical influence over the life and heart which a theoretical philosophy might suppose; but still, that it has a mighty influence none can doubt. So far then, in all good conscience, we can speak in praise of Masonry. It demands the assent of the soul to the doctrine that a God, ever present, ever watchful, ever ruling, reigns over this world.

V. But still further: Templar Laws require of Knights *an acknowledgment of the divinity and authority of the Holy Scriptures.*

The Holy Bible lies open in every Masonic Lodge. It is its brightest light. The square and compass are not more neces-

sary to a Mason's work than the Word of God. No man can give Masonically an honest pledge of fidelity, integrity, and devotion, without a belief in the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. Without this belief there is no binding force in his promises and obligations. Ambitious heresiarchs may war against the use of the Bible elsewhere, but from the fraternity of Masons they can never anathematize it. Take this from us, and our greatest light would be extinguished. Darkness and confusion would disband the Order. We cannot take one step without it. We can scarcely utter a Masonic sentence without the employment of its sublime language. Take away the Bible, and the lessons it teaches and the principles it inculcates, and it would be like digging out the cementing mortar from the walls of a stately edifice. The whole building would tumble into ruins before the first blast. There may be conceptions of impossibilities. To conceive of daylight without a sun, however, is perceived to be clearly an impossibility. Life without air is an impossibility. It is equally impossible to conceive of Masonry without the Bible. It could not exist. Its landmarks would be all gone; its principles, its ceremonial, its entire meaning, would be obliterated. It would be "the play of Hamlet without the part of Hamlet," with a vengeance.

The use of the Bible in Masonry is not a contingency, not an accident, — not an incidental expedient tacked on to gain reverence, to inspire solemnity, or to fill out its ritual; it is so interwoven with it, so ingrained in it, that to remove it would be like taking the flax out of linen, the wool out of cloth, or the carbon out of coal, — the residue would be vanity and chaos. The Mason who does not believe the Bible — if we can conceive of such a one — can find no beauty nor meaning in Masonry. To such a one it would seem the flattest, most unmeaning and absurd of organizations.

Do you imagine that I present this view too strongly? I say to you again, that language too forceful cannot be employed in conveying this essential truth.

Now, is there anything good in this principle? Is it of any value to have a divine and perfect rule of life, — to recognize

a supreme and perfect law of human conduct? Is it of any practical importance to adopt a belief in this as admitted truth, and to have it impressed upon the soul as controlling, guiding truth? All that is of practical worth in the adoption and defence of such a principle we claim for Masonry.

VI. Beyond all this, which is common to all degrees of Masonry, the essential principles of the Temple require the BELIEF AND CONFESSION OF THE SUPREME DIVINITY AND SOVEREIGNTY OF THE LORD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST.

The defence of the Christian religion, and of this essential feature of it, is a part of every knightly vow. It affirms that the sins of the world were laid upon the head of the Saviour, and that there is no hope of salvation but through his sacrificial atonement and death. The world may see the cross on every banner and banneret that is displayed beyond the encampment, upon the sword-hilt of every Knight, and embroidered upon his regalia. The grand old motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*," is the public proclamation of the faith of the Order to the world. Every true-hearted Christian Templar announces this faith in the divinity and sovereignty of JESUS OF NAZARETH, in terms as unequivocal and emphatic as did St. Thomas, when, cured of his criminal incredulity by the exposure of the wounds of the Lord, his assured faith exclaimed, "MY LORD AND MY GOD!"

Can truths so solemn and divine as these be professed and taught, without exerting a salutary practical influence upon the lives of men? Can there be any encouragement to immorality or vice in principles and teachings like these? The Order of Knights Templars is, in its whole theory and regulations, emphatically a Christian Order, clearly tracing its origin to the pious enthusiasm of the Crusaders, in their somewhat fanatical, but certainly devout, contests to wrest the Sepulchre of the Lord from the possession of infidels.

But perhaps an objector is ready to ask me: Do Masons uniformly and practically, in all their relations in life, take the Bible as their guide, and follow out its precepts in their practice? Do Templars practically take Christ as Lord? Alas!

no. But I am speaking of what these orders in their essential principles demand, not of what in practical life they always receive. Principles and precepts of acknowledged excellence and obligation, through the depravity of our nature, often fail to govern and control even those who admit their authority and beauty and force. But we are always taught to distinguish between the principles upon which an organization is based and the practice of those principles in life. If men do not carry out these great ideas in the daily conduct, the fault is not in the institution that requires them, but in the hearts of those who practically repudiate them. There may be bad men who are Masons, but Masonry never taught them one bad lesson, never instilled one evil precept. It is not in consequence of Masonry — but rather in spite of it, in positive disregard of its requirements — that any pursue an evil course in life.

These are some of the sentiments which Masonry cherishes, and some of the duties which its fundamental laws require. Are they not worthy, inherently right, and in their influence beneficent? What fault can be found with these? Acting in accordance with such principles, shall we not be deemed worthy of confidence, and as extending a salutary influence upon society?

It is sometimes intimated that the Order of Masonry, by the conduct of some weak and injudicious brethren, is exalted above the Church of the living God. It is sought to be made to appear, that the one institution is antagonistic to the other, — that the duties required by the Church are neglected by enthusiastic Masons, and that one cannot be an active and efficient member of both organizations. It may be that there are instances of such inconsistency, which are injurious alike to Masonry and to religion. But I emphatically deny that Masonry, by a single precept, warrants or encourages a disregard of Christian duties, or excuses a neglect of any ecclesiastical obligations. The worthy and intelligent Mason has no disposition to exalt the Lodge, the Chapter, or the Encampment above the Church, or to bring the one into collision with the other. We cheerfully admit that the Church of God is

the first and highest and most important of all institutions in this world of ours. To its divinely authorized organization and laws, Masonry urges no claims. Divinity is not claimed for Masonry. It is a human institution. But, among human institutions, we do claim that this is most venerable and reputable for its antiquity, its dignity, the purity of its requirements, its unostentatious beneficence, its endearing fraternal ties, and for the multitudes of the best men of earth who have bowed humbly at its altar. While we admit that we could not exist as an organized fraternity without the religion of the Bible, we cheerfully acknowledge that the religion of the Bible may be propagated, enforced, and practised without us. But those who imagine that there is any antagonism of the one to the other in precepts, spirit, or duties, know nothing of the essential genius or fundamental principles of Masonry.

Brothers, Companions, Knights, — We greet you in fraternal affection. We are happy to mingle in the festivities of this auspicious day. I have endeavored honestly and frankly to evoke the prominent principles which we are bound together to cherish and illustrate. You know their truth. Let me urge you, for the good of the craft, and for the benefit of humanity, to cultivate and exemplify these principles. So shall we preserve the lustre of our jewels untarnished, so shall we evince that we know the practical moral uses of the square, the plumb, the level, the gauge, and the trowel. So shall wisdom, strength, and beauty, like columns firm and perpendicular, sustain the symmetry of our ancient arch; *wisdom* disseminating light, *strength* illustrating the force of reason and logic, and *beauty* displaying the loveliness of virtue.

May the will of the Supreme Master and Commander control us through life, and his grace accord us a blessed and eternal union in Heaven, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

The introductory portion of this address was received with frequent and most enthusiastic applause, its allusions to the visit of the Richmond Commandery to Boston

being keenly relished by the New England Templars. The main argument of the discourse enchained the attention of the audience throughout its delivery.

The Providence Band performed a capital piece of music, and the audience were dismissed with a benediction by Rev. F. J. Boggs.

It had been intended that the pageant of the marching Templars should be displayed through the western portion of the city; but that part of the programme was dispensed with on account of a shower of rain, and the column moved directly to the Mechanics' Institute, on Ninth Street, which place was reached a little after four o'clock in the afternoon.

The lower hall of the Institute had been converted into a refreshment-room, gayly decorated with flowers and bunting, and provided with the amplest facilities for eating and drinking. Two hours were spent here by the Sir Knights in unrestrained social intercourse. The three bands of musicians, from Boston, Providence, and Richmond, about sixty in all, mingled together at the upper end of the hall, and played several pieces together, while the company marched or danced, according to the character of the music.

During the progress of this fraternal feast, Commander Parkman of the De Molay Encampment exhibited to his command, and all others present, the Gavel formerly used by Chief Justice Marshall, in the Grand Lodge of Virginia, when he presided over that ancient Lodge. This precious relic, which is now the property of Randolph Lodge, No. 19, of Richmond, was regarded with a feeling akin to veneration by the brethren of the mystic tie.

When this, the second festival of the day was over, the

Sir Knights marched to the Exchange Hotel to prepare for a third, — the Grand Family Banquet, — which took place in the evening. The musicians and Templars, on leaving the hall, formed promiscuously, — Boston, Providence, and Richmond being mingled and distributed in equal proportions, as nearly as possible. In this way they marched, to the tunes of "Yankee Doodle" and "Carry me back to Old Virginia," to their quarters, in the happiest frame of mind it is possible to conceive, and in due time put themselves in readiness for the pleasures and festivities of the evening.

CHAPTER VII.

COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET AT THE EXCHANGE HOTEL AND BALLARD HOUSE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, TO THE DE MOLAY ENCAMPMENT, BOSTON, AND THE ST. JOHN'S ENCAMPMENT, PROVIDENCE. GIVEN BY THE RICHMOND COMMANDERY OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, NO. 2, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1859.

THE pilgrim Templars, after the highly interesting reception ceremonies at the Mechanics' Institute, the collation at Masonic Hall, the oration at the First Baptist Church, and a second collation at the Institute, were dismissed, about half past six o'clock, and were allowed a short season of rest from the hospitalities of their Virginia friends, which had assailed them incessantly and at every point during the entire day. But their respite was a short one, for they were assembled, soon after eight o'clock, in the large hall of the Ballard House, to await the summons to the banquet which was to be the culmination of Tuesday's festivities.

Some time was spent in conversation, and a free interchange of the kindly sentiments generated by the intercourse of the Sir Knights during the day. At a quarter before nine o'clock, the signal was given to proceed to the banqueting-hall, in the Exchange Hotel. Each of the Richmond Templars secured a guest by the arm, when they marched across the bridge which connects the hotels, the band playing "Fisher's Hornpipe," and en-

tered the grand saloon, where the feast was spread. Here a blaze of light and beauty almost dazzled the eye. The tables groaned — if ever table groaned — beneath the luxuries they bore. And well might they bear bravely such a load, even though groaning withal, for the choice viands were set off and ornamented in the richest and most beautiful manner. There were grottos, temples, pyramids, castles, and pagodas in confectionery, of beautiful colors, glowing with internal lights. There was an immense silver epergne, mounted on a silver platean, filled with the finest artificial flowers that the floral artist could devise. There were twelve magnificent vases with French bouquets of fruits and flowers, and many smaller vases filled with roses. There were numerous silver candelabra, containing wax candles of variegated colors, whose light was made to contribute to the illumination of the saloon, already brilliantly lighted by the gas chandeliers. The chandeliers bore clusters and festoons of bright and delicate flowers, and, to add to the enchantment of the scene, the piazza on the east of the banqueting-room was filled with the fairest ladies of Richmond, accompanied by the New England ladies, who enjoyed the sight of the pleasant spectacle within through the open windows.

When the guests were seated, and the Divine blessing had been invoked by Sir Knight Rev. F. J. Boggs, the attention of the company was directed to the substantial viands and delicacies spread before them in great variety and profusion.

The destruction of the things eatable was accompanied by the popping of Champagne, of choice brands, like musketry along the lines, and nothing that could give zest to the entertainment was wanting.

When, as Homer hath it, the rage of hunger and thirst had been appeased, Sir Knight John Dove, M. D., Past Commander of Richmond Commandery, No. 2, after a few introductory remarks, called for the reading of the first regular toast.

Sir Knight J. R. Crenshaw, toast-master of the evening, then read the first toast, as follows: —

1. *Our Guests:* The Sir Knights of De Molay and St. John's Encampments, —

> "The friends we have, and their adoption tried,
> We grapple to our soul with hooks of steel."

Sir Knight Winslow Lewis responded, as follows: —

I am not a member of De Molay Encampment, except in an honorary capacity; but having received an invitation to accompany them on their pilgrimage, I accepted it thankfully. But I am sorry to be obliged to cast a gloom over the assembly by the recital of the misfortunes which have befallen me since our trip commenced. I had heard of Southern hospitality, of Virginia hospitality, and therefore set out on this expedition with fear and trembling. In the first place we sustained a welcome at Washington, and on reaching the shores of Virginia we were met by a man of honeyed phrase, of oily tongue, a good and a *Wise* man, who kindly hinted something of the trials we were to expect. When we reached Fredericksburg, we encountered the hospitality of that city, and heard there was something more at Richmond. In the cars all along the route after entering Virginia we were assailed with good things, and since our arrival there has been no cessation in this warfare. When we arrived here, we were taken into a large building and cordially welcomed. The same evening we were taken to the Theatre, and there from an ambush the ladies showered us with bouquets. To-day we have been again welcomed, and have done more in response to the kindness of our friends than

I had believed men could do. I ask each one of my friends from New England to lay his hand, not upon his heart exactly, but a little below it, and say what his feelings are. Even the clergyman to whose eloquence we have listened to-day had warned them of the severe treatment they were to receive. For my own part, if I should die in this good cause, I would beg somebody to write above my grave this epitaph, — "Here lies a man who died of good living."

Sir Knight Lewis added some pertinent remarks upon the principles and objects of the Order, and concluded with the following sentiment: —

The Old Dominion and the Old Bay State, — May the glorious memory of the Union of our fathers be ever enshrined in the hearts of their sons.

The speech of Doctor Lewis was received in the best humor possible, and was much applauded during its delivery.

At its close, the band favored the company with appropriate music, and the next regular toast was introduced: —

2. *The Masonic Fraternity*: —

"May Freedom, Harmony, and Love
Cement us in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine."

Sir Knight Dove of Richmond responded to this. Commencing with some allusions to his profession, that of a physician, he proceeded to read a very instructive dissertation upon the Order of Masonry. He gave at the conclusion of his address this sentiment: —

The memory of Robert Burns, the bard of Scotia, whose poetic genius has rendered immortal the genius of Masonry.

The third regular toast was then prefaced with some eloquent remarks by the toast-master: —

3. *The Union of the States, and the States of the Union:*
"Distinct as the billows, — one as the sea."

The three bands of music, united, played the air of the "Star-spangled Banner," and Sir Knight Wm. H. Macfarland, President of the Farmers' Bank, Richmond, was called on to respond. He said: —

This Union is the last and crowning work of the men of a heroic age, and sad will be the day — sadly will the patriotism of Americans be depreciated — when they seek to sever the cords that hold the Union together. Can any toast to the Union be received without applause? Unhappy will be the circumstances when this toast fails to elicit the hearty response of heroic hearts.

We have on this occasion a witness and an instance of the beneficence of our Union. Not that strangers are here receiving hospitality, for that might be expected from any civilized people; but we have, from a distant capital, strangers of yesterday, but friends of to-day, — knowing and feeling that, although we are from different States, one and all have the same privileges, the same hopes and aims. There is not a sentiment which commands the respect and confidence of the people of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, that does not command respect in Virginia. The citizen of Massachusetts, or Rhode Island, or Virginia, may walk abroad in any other State of the Union, and enjoy the same privileges in any of them, and feel that he is among a band of brothers. And is the duration of this glorious Union to be counted by centuries, even? Never! never! Every sentiment of the past forbids it. Let the Union be preserved by the same harmonious feeling, among the citizens of different States, that distinguished its founders. And I believe that its permanency would depend in no small degree upon the principles inculcated and practised by the Masonic fraternity.

He gave in conclusion : —

"The union between Virginia, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, so happily begun, — may it never cease."

This sentiment was loudly cheered, and drunk standing, the Armory Band playing "Hail Columbia."

The next regular toast was : —

4. *Massachusetts :* The Old Bay State, — time-honored Massachusetts ; Plymouth Rock, Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill.

Brother A. O. Brewster, Esq., of Boston, responded, in an eloquent and effective speech, to the call made upon him : —

In rising to thank you for the honor thus bestowed upon me, I present myself gratefully and gladly before my Virginia friends, the Sir Knights of Richmond, and express my most profound acknowledgments for the kind treatment I have received at your hands. I am grateful and glad to stand for the first time on the soil of old Virginia, and enjoy Virginia hospitality. For several months I have looked forward with pleasure to this visit. This is the proudest day of my life, and I thank God I have lived to see it. It is one of those occasions which a man will always remember, and carry the recollection to his grave.

What a spectacle is here presented ? Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Virginia, meeting as our forefathers were accustomed to meet, on common ground, — coming together and joining hands and hearts. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and side by side during the Revolutionary struggle, and this joining of their descendants, hand to hand and heart to heart, is a sure guaranty that there are ties, Masonic and patriotic, strong enough and enduring enough to hold together, in spite of fanaticism or treason, and in spite of the foes of freedom anywhere and everywhere, these United States !

This spot calls up to my mind the glorious events in

the history of Virginia, a State I have always revered. Sixteen years ago I desired to emigrate to Virginia, but Providence cast my lot in a different land. But I often turn back to the sons of Virginia during the Revolutionary period, and I claim them as my own. I claim Washington and Mount Vernon, and Virginians should claim Webster. In calling up the historical names of Virginia, New England men felt proud that they too belonged to the same confederation of States to whom belonged those illustrious men.

I desire to remind you of one scene never equalled in ancient or modern days. It was in the second Colonial Convention, held eighty-four years ago in March last, in Richmond. Go back to that day, and witness the patriotism and moral heroism of that scene! There was Washington and Jefferson, and on the right was Pendleton, and Virginia's best patriots were in deliberation. It was the most trying period in your Colonial history. All hearts were anxious, all felt the tremendous responsibility resting on them in that crisis. Some were undecided, until Patrick Henry, in support of his resolution for war, thrilled them with those memorable words which have been learned by heart by every school-boy in the North. Patrick Henry was on fire for action. He was eager to strike the blow. He arose in that house, which I have looked upon to-day, with strong emotion, and delivered that masterly speech, which has made his name immortal. Demosthenes never uttered words of such power and import as did Henry when he exclaimed, "There is no longer any room for hope! If we wish to be free, — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, — if we mean not barely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight! I repeat it, Sir, *we must fight!* . . . . . I know not what course others may take, but as for me, *give me Liberty, or give me Death!*"

You have these glorious reminiscences in Virginia, and we

have ours in Massachusetts. "There is Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain for ever." There is Faneuil Hall and Plymouth Rock, and there are many things besides, clustering with associations of those who laid the foundations of the Union. And Massachusetts will stand by the Union to the last.

Let any disunionist, North or South, attempt to tear one star from our nation's flag, and there shall a voice come up from Massachusetts, loud and long and deep, proclaiming, "We must fight!" I like the sentiment enunciated by the gentleman who has just spoken to us. Heaven forbid that this Union should ever be dissolved! The blood that flowed at Brandywine, Saratoga, and King's Mountain forbid it! Shall it ever be dissolved? A voice from Mount Vernon, from Monticello, from Ashland, from Marshfield, says, "No!" That precious blood which drenched Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill says, "No!" The young men in our shops and fields at the North say, "No!" These Masonic ties that bind our hearts together say, "No!" The Past says, "No!" The Present says, "No!" The Future, with all its hopes, says, "No!" And the people, with one unbroken front, exclaim ten thousand times, "NO!"

There is a deep moral in this convocation. It teaches us that it would be better to cultivate more those relations which should exist between the North and the South. It has had its good influences upon us. I doubt not, it will have its appropriate influence upon you. We shall go back and tell our children what we have seen, and teach them that they must have no North, no South, in their love of country. You have happy homes enough, and to spare. You have all the elements necessary for a happy, Christian people, and I entreat you to stand by the Union and the Constitution that holds it together.

As for us, we will go home and cherish in our heart of hearts most grateful recollections of your kindness and hospitality. We shall go back to Boston with a prouder feeling of admiration for Virginia, — for her public and private citizens.

And let us all so live that, when we are laid down in our last resting-place, men may read upon our tombstones, —

"Here lies one, a Templar and a Master Mason, who lived true to the faith of his fathers, and, under the principles of Love, Peace, and Good-Will to All, loved his country, and his whole country."

Mr. Brewster's speech, of which the above is a mere sketch, was warmly applauded at various points, and the Virginia Templars were very enthusiastic in praising it.

Fifth regular toast: —

5. *Rhode Island:* The asylum of Roger Williams, — the cradle of Nathanael Greene.

Sir Knight C. B. Farnsworth, of Providence, made a speech in response: —

He was proud of Rhode Island, which, although a small State has produced some great and good men. He stood upon the native soil of Washington, and had the satisfaction that Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island was second only to Washington in that war which rescued our country from foreign domination and oppression.

Roger Williams had his home in Rhode Island. He lived when he was in advance of his age. He was persecuted for his ideas of religious freedom, but those ideas have become the common property of the civilized world.

Oliver Hazard Perry was a son of Rhode Island, and he had shed an imperishable lustre upon our naval history. He was proud to feel that his State could boast of some names whose heroism made them brothers of Virginians. He was glad too of that other tie which bound citizens of the two States together, and when on that day he sat in their Lodge-room, in the chair occupied by Chief Justice Marshall as Grand Master, he felt a new interest in Virginia. He gave, in conclusion: —

The Judiciary of the United States: Though composed of men, and therefore subject to human infirmities, yet the only bond that can hold all the people of all the States firmly to the Constitution.

Cheering and music followed Sir Knight Farnsworth's speech, and the sixth regular toast was introduced: —

6. *Virginia:*

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

In the absence of Governor Wise, who had been expected to respond to this toast, his son, O. Jennings Wise, Esq., was called upon: —

He said that he was so unfortunate as not to belong to the Masonic fraternity, but he was the son of a Governor and a Mason's daughter, and he had a letter in his pocket which would, when read, give them more pleasure than any speech he could make. He could not enter into the Masonic mysteries, but from what he had seen that night, he could say that Masons eat and drink as though their hearts were full of humanity.

Sergeant S. Prentiss, in his first plea to a jury, addressed them as "Fellow-citizens." Massachusetts and Rhode Island have repeated the same sentiment to-day. We are copartners in the joint sovereignty of a mighty nation, embracing in its broad extent, at the same season of the year, icicles and orange-flowers. And wheresoever I plant my foot within its boundaries, I stand upon my native soil, and it is still my privilege to say the same words, — "Fellow-citizens." We stand as joint sovereigns in this great confederation of States, and if it is the purpose of your Order to contribute to the permanency of the Union, by binding its citizens together in a fraternal union, every man who loves his country will bid you God speed.

Mr. Wise, after a few eloquent remarks, proceeded to read the following letter: —

Richmond, Va., May 15, 1859.

To Wm. B. Isaacs, Esq., *for the Committee, etc.*

My dear Sir and Brother: — Two days ago I regretted to be obliged to apprise the Committee of Invitation that I could not be present at the reception of the Boston and Providence brethren. I had thought they would arrive here about Wednesday of the past week, and hastened to return to this city from a visit to Norfolk on that account, and long before had made appointments to be in Washington this week on my way to Accomac. These appointments I cannot, with any propriety or convenience, forego. It was due to you and to your worthy guests that I should have been present to do my humble part in tendering to them the hospitalities of brotherhood and of our homes, — to which they are so deservedly and cordially welcome; but for the reasons I have named, I cannot be with you in person, though I leave my house and heart and this letter behind me, to aid in greeting your guests with my warmest expression of welcome. I have requested my son to represent me, as I find he has been honored by tickets, and he will open the Executive mansion, its doors, beds, and board, at your command.

I wish I had time and space to respond to the touching sentiment upon which you proposed to call me out at the banquet. It has in it all the life and spirit of the fervor of patriotism. "My own, my native land" is — my country — my whole country — my blessed and best beloved country. But the love of country, the *amor patriæ*, is founded, nationally and fervently, on the love of home, the *amor loci*. The people of the United States have homes. They have a confederacy and union of States, and these States have cities and towns and corporations and counties and parishes and hundreds, and these have houses and householders; and these householders are patriarchs of domesticity. They are husbands of the soil, and they have wives and identity of offspring, and their chil-

dren have fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and cousins and kindred, around hearth-stones of homes. And these homes are sacred, and these relationships are holy, as the fanes of Heaven. And in these homes of America are germinated and trained the tendrils of childhood and early affections, under the light and law of Liberty, which are as enduring as the everlasting hills. They grow and multiply, and increase to rank and luxuriant and fruit-bearing, strong vines, which cover the whole earth of country, and are indestructible. At home is the cradle of infancy, nursed by mother; at home is the bread toasted at the hearth-stone, constructed by father; at home is the play-ground consecrated by the joys and tears of brother and sister; near by home is the school-house; all around home are the forests and fields of youthful exercises, and every spot is marked by memory. And when manhood leaves the maternal roof of home, memory endears more and more every scene, and all its incidents in every stage of childhood and youth, from the cradle and the cupboard and the mother's knee, — that household altar where the "Now I lay me" was first lisped, — to the spelling-book and the slate, and the pony, and the gun and dog, up to the day of leave-taking of all for the greater preparations for life. And life-long and life-through, these feelings, local and individual, and divided from all besides, as they are, — isolated and tropical in their beginning, — become the sure and safe foundation of the strength of a whole State, as the States are the pillars of the whole nation. Does the invader assail my country in its most distant, and to me strangest part, — to the uttermost part I will march to meet him. Why? He can't invade my country without invading my State, — he can't invade my State without invading my home, — "my own, my native land." He shall be repelled, at whatever cost, though it may cost me labor and fatigue and treasure and blood, and it may be life. And how much the opposite of this is that cosmopolitan and philanthropic and abstract and generic and vague and wandering and fanatical love of one's own land, which begins in the clouds and from abroad, and far above earthly affections and

their germs, to make men love and respect themselves, and try to serve their neighbors and their State and their whole country, without a nucleus of affections and memories to inspire patriotism?

The love of home expands to a passionate love of a whole land, and becomes generic and universal and conservative and sublime, while the cold, cosmopolitan philosophy contracts to selfishness and sectionalism, and becomes special and destructive and mean and little. In this there is the very poetry of emotional metaphysics. Mount Vernon helped to make a Virginia, and both to make the patriotic virtue of a Washington, which served and saved the whole United States of America! He did not leave home to meddle with the business and occupations and pleasures and possessions and affairs of other homes; but because he kept to his own, he was the better fitted to preserve and defend all.

And it is not only as I have illustrated that the words of "my *own*, my *native* land," thus become generic and country-serving and country-saving. But they are less special in their growth and application in another and larger sense. With God's blessing and the fair field of freedom, these homes are the happiest upon earth, and they grow up and glow out the most fervid patriotism known to the hearts of men.

Liberty in the United States has become a Divine Mother of a new, new birth. Seeing that the strength of the country protects the peace and the happiness of the homes, the homes not only become the strength of the country, but they generate a love of liberty which works miracles. Before the United States existed, men in the Old World were born serfs of the soil, — they became part fixtures of a birthplace. Once subjects of a tyrant, they were always subjects, and emigration could drag no chain long enough to free them from this serfdom. But when Liberty lighted up her torches on this continent, there sprang up from its very brightest beams a new birth of freedom, called Naturalization. When the oppressed fled to America for an asylum, and swore allegiance to Liberty here, and said, "Thy country is my country," Liberty

said back, in reply, "Ho! every one that thirsteth for me, come freely and you shall be born anew, — ye shall be 'naturalized,' — ye shall become as native-born, and my country shall be thy country by the glorious spirit of adoption, whereby you and your heirs for ever shall be made free!" The naturalized and the native were made as one; and the one or the other may now exclaim: "There is a land of every land the pride," and "There is a spot, a sweeter, dearer spot than all the rest," — and Liberty in America says alike to naturalized and native: "O man! however and whencesoever thy footsteps have roamed or may roam, —

> 'That land is thy country
> And that spot 's thy home!' "

And liberty here, in America, has not only generated a new birth for the oppressed of every foreign land who by election may make this land their country, and this spot their home; but it has generated a new birth of allegiance and love of country to the native-born. I was born, thank God, in Virginia. I am a native to her manor of Accomac county, and my home is on her Onancock Creek, at the humble plantation called "Only," after a good man who once owned it, and because it is the "only" place which a certain poor man can call his own. But though thus born, and having there an "only" home, yet all over the United States, in every State and Territory, I have an estate and possession and inheritance more precious than rubies, which entitle me to exclaim with all my might,

> "This is my own, my native land!"

Because I was born to a title, an estate, an inheritance, and a glad and glorious possession, in the Union of these States of my country, I love ONLY above all homes, — it is a sweeter, dearer spot than all the rest. I love my neighbors more than all other neighbors, because they are my neighbors; I love my country more than all other countries besides; I love my State most and best, because she is the State of my home; and I

love my country more than all countries on God's globe, because it is the land of my State, the State of my country, the country of my neighborhood, the neighborhood of my birthplace and my home, — and covering all, above all, guarding all, I love the Union of all the States of my whole country, because it gives me the strength, the power, the Nationality, the wealth and population of the whole, to guard and protect me and my little all. Ah! it makes me, a poor man, rich; it makes me, a weak man, strong; it makes my plantation the State of Virginia; it makes Virginia the United States of America; and it guarantees, to each and all, peace and plenty, and the power to live and labor, to be happy and free.

What great and almighty things it has made out of little! It is a creative power, this generating power of American Liberty. Though I possess so little, and am but one, it makes all in the Union mine, and makes me twenty-five millions of people strong. If I leave home and go to my Court-House, there I am a freeholder, and an equal among sovereign men; if I leave my Court-House and come up to this metropolis of my State, here I am free, by election, to be her Governor, and to labor with a glowing heart for her honor and interest and perpetual prosperity; and if when weary with work for my mother State, performed with passionate fondness, I go to New England for recreation, (where I have never yet set my foot,) even there I can, amongst perfect strangers, still say, "Fellow-citizens," and if no individual man greets me, and asks me to his home or house, I have a right to go to one house, at least, in Boston, — to old Faneuil Hall, and dance and make music in my heart of hearts of patriotism, in the ball-room of the Tea-Party of the Revolution! Faneuil Hall is mine, and Bunker Hill is mine, and Bennington is mine, and all Providence Plantations are mine, as well as any Yankee's of the six New England States. The fame of their Hancocks and their Adamses of old, and of their Oliver H. Perry and of their Daniel Webster of late, is mine; and they belong to me, as Washington belongs to Everett. And if I go to New York, Saratoga and all the Highlands are mine; if to Jersey, Tren-

ton and Princeton are mine; if to Pennsylvania, Germantown and Brandywine and Philadelphia and Chad's Fort and Fort Pitt are mine; — just as the old Raleigh and Point Pleasant and Great Bridge and Yorktown belong by inheritance and Union-right to our guests Templars. And they may go farther South, and they will find, as I would going North, more and more possessions, all their own. There is King's Mountain and Guilford and Cowpens and Fort Moultrie and Camden and Talladega and New Orleans. And if we go together to the Northwest, we will find Kaskaskia and Vincennes and Sandusky, and many other common inheritances. And if we go to the very newest States and Territories, where not a sod beneath your feet has ever been a soldier's sepulchre, still there every inch of soil, every rood of land, is trophy of a patriot's toil and sacrifice, and all, all, and everywhere and anywhere is yours, by common inheritance, by union, right, and law; and there you may erect your cabin home, and plant your vine, and sit in its shade, and anywhere and everywhere, throughout the jurisdiction of the United States, on deck or on *terra firma*, of sea or land, you may sing aloud, in patriotic pride: —

"This is my own, my native land."

And what a land! How beautiful, how various in beauty of luscious fruits and bloom! O, who would mar this garden of the free, this brooding nest of teeming, generating Liberty? If any would not love this home, this State, this country, let him have no home, no State, no country to love! If any busy-bodies, doing mischief, would meddle with other homes than their own, to try to make all better by making them all like their own, which they love best, let them go to Heaven as soon as possible, and get under the wings of Providence, where they belong, much fitter than to earth and the United States, where municipal and individual freedom reigns for man's estate and not for angels! And if any would array this country's parts against each other in sectional division and strife, let them have no inheritance in the whole, — the grand, great whole; but let them selfishly have a single, small place

for their safe-keeping, a home made for treason, felony, or mania, — a prison or a mad-house. They cannot destroy the Union without destroying States and homes, and they cannot destroy homes and States without destroying the Union. By strengthening each part we fortify the whole, and by fortifying the whole we protect each part. Each and all is ours; each and all belongs to all equally and alike; in the part and in the whole all citizens are seized; and all, North and South, East and West, white and black, native and naturalized, bond and free, happy here as never men were happy elsewhere on earth, may say, for the whole Union of these States, as this toast says for the Blessed Mother of States: —

> "*Breathes* there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND?"

I give you: —

The Union and the Constitution of the United States, *as they are*, — the country, the whole country, — "My own, my native land," as it is.

With the highest respect, yours fraternally,

HENRY A. WISE.

The reading of this letter — so full of patriotic sentiments, expressed in such fervid style, with such a fluency of rhetoric, and so eloquent withal — was frequently interrupted by the applause of the company, and at its conclusion three cheers were given for Governor Wise.

Then followed the seventh regular toast: —

7. *Woman:* The last at the Cross and the first at the Sepulchre.

Sir Knight Hamilton Willis, of De Molay Encampment, responded briefly, in a humorous speech.

He said that, after having listened six hours to the eloquent

speeches of the evening, he could hardly be expected to detain the company by any remarks of his own; and if he had covered reams of paper with words, or filled his mind with ideas, it would still be impossible that he should do justice to the occasion, — to the merits of woman, the subject of the toast, or to the hospitality with which they had been met by men and women since they came to Virginia. Disunion had been alluded to by some of the speakers as having been seriously contemplated by fanatical men; but so long as we are supported by the ladies, we can fight the battles of the Union and come off conquerors. Such a phalanx as this (pointing to the ladies assembled in the piazza) would subdue and disarm at once any foe to Union! Speaking of the hospitality which had been showered upon the visiting Sir Knights from New England, he said that yesterday he went into a shop to purchase some article, and the person in attendance exclaimed, "How do you do, — every inch of you?" and shook him heartily by the hand, although a stranger. And thus it had been ever since they arrived in Virginia and Richmond; every one who wore insignia which designated him as one of the pilgrims from the East, was taken to the hearts of the citizens of the South.

He displayed an autograph commission, and an order of enlistment signed by Patrick Henry, which had been presented to him by a Richmond friend, and alluded to several interesting scenes that occurred, in the early days of our country's history, in Virginia.

Sir Knight Willis concluded with some remarks eulogistic of the Masonic institution, which has never meddled with politics, or anything it is not concerned with, but has ever maintained its integrity, adhering steadfastly to the sublime principles which are the foundation of the Order.

Three cheers were given for the ladies, and Rev. J. L. Burrows, K. T., was called upon to say a word or two in behalf of the fair sex. He responded, saying, that

there was once an old gentleman residing in Lynn, Massachusetts, some time ago, named Dr. James Gardner, who was a man of such unbending integrity that he was called "Aristides the Just," after an ancient character who bore that title. This man had a daughter, who has been for many years a resident of Richmond, commanding the highest respect for the beauty and goodness of her character as a Virginia matron, and that lady had commissioned him to present to the Sir Knights of New England a beautiful gift, — a floral Maltese cross.

The cross was displayed, and Mr. Burrows proceeded to read a poetic offering, written by the same lady, (Mrs. S. L. Pellett,) to accompany the emblem. The following is the

POEM.

What glorious sentiments the heart inspired
Of the young Knight, on fame in arms intent!
How his firm breast with noble rage was fired,
To win his laurels in the tournament!

The day is bright, the lists are all prepared,
The sun and wind in due proportions shared.
In gorgeous mail arrayed he paces round,
While plaudits from the eager throng resound:
He casts a glance upon the countless crowd
Of dames, whose charms might make a nation proud;
But gazes upon one fair girl alone,
Whose brilliant eye is modestly cast down,
Whose lovely bosom heaves with maiden fear,
As silently she drops the unbidden tear.
It is the lady of his youthful love,
Whose prayers e'en now ascend to saints above,
To shield her lover's heart, and nerve his arm,
And guard him in the combat, safe from harm.

Unearthly is the silence reigning now!
Anxiety is painted on each brow!

As the young Knights, like pillars of firm steel,
Appear in deadly strife their blows to deal.

The trumpets sound! and forth, like lightning's flash,
In swift career the coursers wildly dash;
Like rattling thunder from Olympus' seat,
The combatants in opposition meet!

One Knight, unhorsed, rolls headlong o'er the plain;
But, fiercely rising to his feet again,
Although dismounted, yet still undismayed,
His war-cry shouts, and waves his glittering blade!
His foe springs to the ground, and draws his brand,
The combat to renew with hand to hand.

The heralds strive to stay the fight in vain!
Blows upon blows in ceaseless torrent rain!
The waving plume is from the helmet shorn!
The vanquished Knight once more to earth is borne!
Yet still he summons strength, as low he lies,
And with a look of scorn and hate — he dies!

The victor now, with loud, exulting song,
Is led in triumph through the applauding throng;
And laurel wreaths his youthful temples bind,
By the fair hands of her he loves entwined.

These *were* your sports, Sir Knights, in times gone by,
When Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Though watchwords in your mouths, in battle's strife
Had little influence on heart and life.

But *now*, Emmanuel's mission understood,
No more you revel in these deeds of blood;
But, from the love you bear that holy name,
Make pure beneficence your end and aim.

Yet, should the widow, or the helpless maid,
In her despair, appeal to you for aid, —
Should sacrilegious hands your altars burn,
And Christ's religion seek to overturn, —
Your swords would leap at once spontaneous forth,
To sweep the felon from the face of earth.

We see you here to-day, a noble band!
And, as you take each other by the hand,
The touch electric runs through all the land!
Old Massachusetts, by Virginia grasped!
And never be that Union unclasped!

After reading the above lines, Rev. Mr. Burrows gave the following sentiment: —

Woman: The first to greet, the readiest to bless, and the last to leave us.

When the applause had subsided, the eighth regular toast was read: —

8. *The Memories of Joseph Warren, Nathanael Greene, and George Washington:* An immortal trio, to Masonry no less than to their country dear.

The Hon. George Washington Warren responded as follows: —

Sir Knights of the Richmond Commandery, — The sentiment to which I am bidden to respond, makes for me a grateful and an easy task. Easy, because it is quite unnecessary to say anything to deepen the impression which these immortal names have already made upon our minds.

Of the first, bearing his name and descended from the same stock from which he sprang, I will only say, that it was his good fortune, after having, as a prominent political leader, set the ball of the Revolution in motion, to offer up his life in its first great battle, as a sacrifice of early martyrdom to the cause of American Liberty, and to leave a memory cherished and revered by all and for all time.

To Nathanael Greene, the Sir Knights of his native State have already paid eloquent tributes; and I will only add, that it was his good fortune, at an important crisis, to retrieve our serious losses on the Southern frontier, and to render most important service throughout the war.

To Washington himself, I will not attempt, in this assembly, to do justice. There is but one man in Massachusetts who can do it everywhere, and his silver trumpet eloquence upon this lofty theme has been heard throughout the land.

One circumstance in connection with his great services to his country I will mention, as it is not so generally known, or remembered if known, as it might be. When the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, the news spread over the country as quickly as could be, and at the same time intelligence was communicated everywhere that George Washington, of Virginia, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army. His appointment had been determined two days before the battle, but his commission was signed, as if it were by a special providence, on that memorable day.

These three illustrious men were Masons all. As patriotic citizens, we love them none the less; but as Masons, we love them all the more for that.

Allow me, Sir Knights, in conclusion, to give as a sentiment what I know to be the aspiration of you all, founded also upon your sincere and firmest faith: —

Bunker Hill and Mount Vernon: May the sacred, conservative influences of both serve ever as guardian angels to guide and protect OUR WHOLE COUNTRY!

Much cheering followed this speech, and the ninth regular toast was read: —

9. *The City of Boston:* The reception she gives her friends is only equalled in warmth by the fire with which of old she met her enemies.

Sir Knight Gen. John S. Tyler, of the De Molay Encampment arose, at a call, to respond. He said: —

It was one of the happiest events of my life when I came from Boston to Richmond. Boston has become somewhat famous for her notions. She is called the City of Notions, but with some notions that are not exactly relished every-

where, she has had, and now has, some good ones. She once indulged in the notion of making a dish of tea in her harbor, which, although it was much disrelished by the Mother Country, was yet considered a good notion by her patriotic citizens at the time, and has been esteemed as such by patriotic citizens of this whole country ever since. Boston has a "town hall," which she has a notion of calling a cradle, and Liberty was rocked in it and grew strong. Virginia, with a strong arm, with a determined purpose, and with a good will, helped mightily to rock that cradle, and with a motherly care she assisted in raising the infant nurtured there to become a strong, and hearty, and free nation. Virginia, as well as Boston and Massachusetts, had a strong notion of making this a free and independent government in those days.

Virginia has her notions too. And Richmond has her own notions, among which is that of making strangers who come here most happy, and overwhelming them with her hospitalities. Her roses and her mint-juleps, are they not fragrant? and will they not be fresh in the memory of every Sir Knight here present from New England, as long as his memory shall last? Her roses shall bloom in their hearts until the silver cord be loosed, and her juleps shall be fragrant in their memory until the golden bowl is broken! And are not her "fine-cut" and "honey-dew" praised in the mouths of millions?

One notion we have in Boston, — that we will maintain the laws of the Union, palatable or unpalatable, and will live true to the Constitution which the fathers of Virginia and New England framed for their happy, thrice happy children.

He gave in conclusion this sentiment: —

The Masonic degree of Patriotism, which is illustrated in our Revolutionary struggle. We entered apprentices and took degrees at Lexington. The Master-Masons were elevated at Bunker Hill. There were my chapter following the marches of Brandywine and Valley Forge, but the seal was taken at Yorktown, and let no Mason forget the nature of that obligation.

This response for Boston was enthusiastically received. The next toast was read: —

10. *The City of Providence, the capital of Rhode Island:* A trust in Providence will never disappoint a stranger.

Sir Knight W. C. Barker responded thus: —

We who come from the land of Roger Williams may be said to trust emphatically in Providence, the capital of Rhode Island; for when that individual was driven out of Massachusetts for opinion's sake, by those who had been driven from England for the same cause, he paddled his canoe across the Seekonk River, and on his approach to the land opposite, he was saluted by the Indians with the comforting words of "What cheer," and continuing his pilgrimage still onward, after rounding the point, he landed, and in searching he found at last a spring of the purest sparkling water, and in token of gratitude for the event he named the place Providence, and in that name he trusted, and was not disappointed. Hence the name Providence.

And though his territory was narrow, and the people in it but few, yet that Providence in whom he trusted has blessed it liberally.

It is now the second city in New England; its commerce is extensive; but its manufactures, for which it is most distinguished, show active hands, and energetic and busy brains. But in the midst of these engrossing cares it does not forget the higher and more sacred mark of its early history; and the name of its founder, and the first salutation of the red man to him on his landing, are sacred words with us.

With these recollections thronging upon us, with these antecedents to form our character, we should be recreant to ourselves and our history, if we did not, with a whole-hearted liberality, welcome the stranger among us, and especially, finding him a worthy brother, if we did not draw him closely to our very hearts.

We may be few, our territory small, but our hearts are

large, and blood is warm, and affections are earnest; and while I thank you for your kind remembrance of us in the toast you have given, we trust you will never have occasion to doubt the safety of reliance on Providence in Rhode Island.

In Masonic history, Sir, we have still a clearer account. We have had those with us whose memory we do not forget; particularly, we have had a Thomas Smith Webb, to rig and steer our Masonic ship in her more tender years. He was for many years our Grand Master, Grand Commander, &c., and many of the features of the preparatory degrees of the Holy Royal Arch may be traced to that master mind, and to those persevering habits known to exist in him, which gave shape and form to many things, which, before his day, were wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

We have, Sir, our ancient St. John's Lodge, now in her hundred and third year, still green and able to bear good fruit, and which has sent forth many sons to good work.

And, Sir, we have one lodge now numbering much over half a century, named after your and our own sacred spot called "Mount Vernon."

And last, though not least, we have the young giant, called "What Cheer Lodge," fast travelling on to an honorable distinction among men and Masons.

Allow me to propose the following toast: To the memory of our former Worthy Brother and Grand Commander, Thomas Smith Webb, of Providence, Rhode Island.

Eleventh regular toast: —

11. *The City of Richmond:* May the echoes from her seven hills resound a Virginia welcome.

Sir Knight Joseph Mayo, Mayor of Richmond, responded in a genial and enthusiastic speech of greeting to the visiting Templars.

He said he was a new recruit as a Knight Templar, but his heart was fully with them. Would to God he had language to

express the pleasure it had given him to meet his friends from New England in the city of Richmond. He welcomed the patriotic sons of the North to a patriotic city of the South.

On the fifteenth day of May, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, resolutions were passed in the Virginia Convention, held in Richmond, in favor of declaring the independence of the American Colonies; and he would remind them that on the fifteenth day of May they were in the capital of the nation, on their way to this city. It was a coincidence worth being remembered by them.

He said that the blessings and glories of our Union had been spoken of by those who had responded to the sentiments introduced on this occasion, and disunion had been denounced in appropriate terms. But he had no fear of disunion. Why, if they would give him a commission as a Brigadier-General, he would engage to whip every hostile foe who should dare to raise his hand against the Union!

He proceeded to say that the city with one heart welcomed the Sir Knights, and the ladies who had accompanied them, from Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

The twelfth toast was: —

12. *The Memory of George Washington:*

"The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate."

The company rose, as if by a common impulse, and the toast was drunk in silence.

The thirteenth and last of the regular toasts was now read, as follows: —

13. *The Associations of this Day:*

"Adieu, a heart's fond, warm adieu,
Ye brothers of our mystic tie;
Ye favored and enlightened few,
Companions of our social joy.

And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw,
Strong mem'ry on our hearts shall write
These happy scenes when you 're awa'."

Sir Knight James R. Crenshaw, of Richmond, in response to this toast, spoke as follows: —

The associations of this day! How shall I speak of them? I should like to indulge the hope that to our guests they have been as gratifying, as to ourselves they have been exceeding pleasant; but this, I fear, we cannot do, so far short of our feelings has been the feeble welcome extended to them. For Richmond Commandery I am sure I may say, that, as these associations have been the happiest of their lives, so will the memory of them ever be the most vivid.

And how glorious are the recollections which these associations recall! The recollection of the relations which existed between New England and Virginia during the Revolution can only fail to awake enthusiasm, and cause our hearts to beat with a warmer glow, when all that is noble and manly shall be trampled under foot. We cannot permit ourselves to forget that the great tree of civil and religious liberty, which now lifts its lofty trunk, and stretches forth its wide-spreading branches to the blue arch of heaven, and from which the entire people of these United States, from Maine to Louisiana, have the happy privilege to pluck the rich fruits of peace, prosperity, and united harmony, whilst it budded in Massachusetts, blossomed in Virginia. Its tillage at Bunker Hill was an experiment; at Yorktown it became a confirmed success; — the most inestimable blessing which Providence in his bounty ever vouchsafed to man. We cannot say that it "budded, blossomed, and bore fruit in a day." Alas that we cannot! It would not grow until its roots had been baptized, and the soil enriched with the heart's blood of our common fathers. Yet so wise were the hands that planted it, so rich the compost that was spread upon the soil, that its growth was rapid, its roots became deep-set, and its foundation so firm, that it

stands now "amid regal ruin and national desolation, towering sublime, like the last mountain in the deluge, — majestic, immutable, and magnificent," — and waves its strong limbs, defiant of the storm and the whirlwind.

The recollections thus briefly referred to, which these associations recall, were alone sufficient to make us — the children of those common "sires of war proof," whose courageous hearts, in the darkest hour of their country's gloom, "never sag'd with doubt or shook with fear" —

> "Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one."

There are, however, recollections of a more personal character, of more recent date, which no Richmond Sir Knight can forget, or fail frequently to mention with, we trust, a grateful and generous heart. Not quite one year ago, many of the Virginia Sir Knights now present wended their way to the shrine of your and our immortal Warren. Kind *Providence* smiled upon our journey, and, when weary and faint from travel and fatigue, we were refreshed and invigorated by the material comforts and elegant luxuries with which we were provided; yet much more strengthened, and our fervor and zeal more increased, by the genuine overflow of true affection with which we were received, and bid a godspeed on our way.

And at the shrine of Warren, and in sight of Bunker Hill, which his death upon that field were alone sufficient to immortalize, we, my brother Sir Knights of Richmond, were made captives by De Molay Encampment. Yet so happy were we in our captivity, and so pleasant were the chains they forged, that we are content to remain in such captivity, and wear those chains for ever.

But there is one thought which your toast makes me remember, that throws a shade of gloom and sadness over this hour of otherwise perfect bliss. That is the last regular toast, and that reminds me that these associations are to have an end, though their memory will never die. Would this were not so. Would they could be lengthened out "until time

shall be no more, and eternity shall be begun." I know I speak but the echoes of the heart of each Virginia Sir Knight, when, in the language of the toast, I bid them an

> "Adieu, a heart's warm, fond adieu,
> Dear brothers of the mystic tie," &c.

> "Remember thee ?
> Ay, good Sir Knights, while memory holds a seat
> In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
> Yea, from the table of our memory
> We 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
> All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
> That youth and observation copied there,
> And thy remembrance all alone shall live,
> With the book and volume of our brain,
> Unmixed with baser matter."

And there is one other recollection which makes my heart ache; that is, that we have not treated our guests as well as we ought to have done. I fear that the heavens themselves have been weeping, during the day, because the reception we have given our friends, and our hospitality, have not been what they should be. "But pardon 't as you are gentlemen." It was, believe me, fault of the head, not the heart. Sirs, my heart is too full to speak : —

> "The heart feels most when the lips move not,
> And the eye speaks the gentle good-by."

The speech of Sir Knight Crenshaw was warmly applauded. It was now a quarter past two o'clock in the morning, and some of the elderly gentlemen of the company retired from time to time, while the festive speeches and the flow of Champagne were kept up nearly an hour longer.

Several letters were read, after which volunteer sentiments and appropriate responses became the order of the morning. The reporters were obliged to retire to prepare copy for the Richmond press, or write despatches to

other cities, and many good things spoken when the "flow of soul" was most sparkling were thus lost to the public. Some fragments of this portion of the "feast of reason," however, are preserved.

The following letters from absent Knights Templars were read by the toast-master: —

NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF'S LETTER.

To the Knights of the Richmond Encampment: —

It grieves me much, brother Knights and companions of Richmond, that I am deprived of the courtly privilege, at this time, of paying in person my humble homage to the shrine of the great Father of his country, — that I cannot join my brethren of Massachusetts in their pilgrimage to the Old Dominion, a land teeming with historical and patriotic associations of the most interesting character, — that I cannot exchange the friendly grasp, and press to my heart my new-known brethren of Virginia, and partake of their overflowing kindness and good cheer, for which they are so proverbially known and distinguished. But, as in the loss of those things which the fates deny, man should unmurmuringly acquiesce, and yield a willing obedience, so do I, though with a heavy heart, resignedly submit to decrees that I cannot avert.

To me the name of Virginia has a peculiar charm. Its mention recalls to mind valued remembrances of the past, as of an intermediate fatherland, under whose earlier endeavors and auspicious guidance the forefathers of my own home owe their first heart-beatings for, and successful adventures to, their early haven of rest, — pilgrim New England; and the coupling together of the names of the two most ancient and renowned of the commonwealths of the great American confederation — the linking together of Virginia and Massachusetts in one breathing, articulate sound — awakens within me, also, emotions which no language of mine can adequately express. The direct origin of these two States, as is well known,

is absolutely traceable to the same Anglo-Saxon race of men, and to the same primitive charters; and by the same maritime adventurers were the sea-coasts of the sister Colonies first visited, and their navigable inlets first explored. It would appear, therefore, that between the two there existed, in a great degree, a union of sentiment and feeling, however different may have been the causes and motives which impelled their first colonists to leave their old homes of England, and induced them to transplant themselves to American soil.

It is now little more than two centuries and a half since the first James of England, son of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, granted the Charter under which the successful colonization of this part of the American continent was accomplished. The memorable letters-patent passed the seals of Westminster on the 10th of April, 1606; and established by one instrument the two great Colonies of America, — one to be called "The First Colony of Virginia," and to be under the London Company, — and the other to be called "The Second Colony of Virginia," and to be under the Plymouth Company. Although by this grant the territories of these two overlapped each other three whole degrees of latitude, there does not appear ever to have arisen any serious differences between the Colonies on this account. Our fathers of the good old pilgrim times needed no lines of separation, no compromises; they knew the South, the North, just as now do the brave and valiant and courteous Knights of the De Molay and Richmond Encampments of Templars.

In the year 1607, just on the eve of St. John's Day, (St. John the Baptist,) the first actual settlement of Virginia was made at Jamestown, by the First Colony, or, as more commonly related, by the colonists of South Virginia: and thirteen years later, on the 21st of December, the pioneer settlement of the Second Colony, or of North Virginia, was made at Plymouth, by my own New England forefathers. In course of time, ten years later in the current of events, and under a charter emanating indirectly from the Great Virginia Patent, Boston, the home of the De Molays, was colonized from the same parent stock.

From these small beginnings have arisen two commonwealths, equally renowned for the thrift, for the patriotism, and for the valor and wisdom of their citizens. These have from the first been found always together, and constantly in historical parallels. Both have been equally distinguished for their love of national liberty, and for their firm resistance to foreign encroachments and tyranny. Both stood nobly and fearlessly together, side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, in the great struggle for independence; and if the first great battle of the Revolution was fought in Massachusetts, on New England soil, it is no less true that in Virginia the glorious victory was finally achieved, on the soil of the Old Dominion. The actions at Charlestown, on the Charles River, in June, 1775, and at Yorktown, on the York River, in October, 1781, will ever be regarded as the most memorable in the history of American Independence. Surely no two days in the past annals of our country ever excited greater hopes in the breasts of our patriot fathers.

If, for the accomplishment of this great event in our national history, Massachusetts produced the first soldiers, Virginia, on her part, gave the inimitable General of the whole war, and Massachusetts men were first concerned in privately suggesting his nomination; and if they did not actually give the first public motion and direct impulse for it, it was because they courteously waived that right to a noble sister Colony, which was deemed at the time a politic act for the common good. If to Jefferson we are indebted for the draft of the Declaration of Independence, it is to the arguments and eloquence of Adams that we mainly owe its adoption. And where were Henry, and the Lees, and Randolph, of Virginia, in the times that tried men's souls, but with the Adamses, and Warren, and Hancock, of Massachusetts?

On the institution of the Federal Government, Virginia and Massachusetts were not forgotten in the first places of honor and responsibility. Washington and Adams received the first votes for President; and Adams receiving a less number than Washington, from the same hands, became, according to a pro-

vision of the Constitution, Vice-President; while the great Virginian, as was unanimously intended by the voters, became President.

Indeed, this parallel might be carried to a much greater extent, and the patience of the Knights completely exhausted. I will not, therefore, consume any more time on this endless theme, but give way to others for discourse of a more social and spirited character. But, before closing, let me suggest that we take pattern from the past. Let us, in every action of life, in every work and in every deed, emulate the examples of our fathers. Let us strive, in the language of our ritual, in that noble contention of "who best can work and best agree"; and never, never, between Massachusetts and Virginia, let there be any other feeling than that which has descended from our ancestry, and which should exist in a common brotherhood, united by the sacred bands of our mystic tie, which, I need not tell you, inculcate and enjoin good will and fraternal love to all mankind.

In conclusion, my friends and brothers, let me propose

Richmond and Boston: May their citizens, and the successive generations which may come after them, be to each other, through the long ages of after-time, what true Templars are to one another, and what, from the earliest days of our common country, Virginia has always been to Massachusetts, and Massachusetts to Virginia.

In all courtesy and brotherly love, I am truly yours,

NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF.

Boston, May 13, 1859.

JOHN ROBIN McDANIEL'S LETTER.

Lynchburg, Va., May 14, 1859.

E. H. Gill, *Commander Richmond Commandery, No.* 2: —

Dear Sir and Brother, — I am in receipt of your kind invitation to participate in the entertainment and festivities on the occasion of the visit of our Boston and Providence knightly brethren to Richmond, on the 16th instant.

I am grateful for this mark of the kind feelings of the Sir Knights of your Commandery; and I appreciate highly, I assure you, the honor, and it would indeed be gratifying to me to mingle with them on that very interesting occasion. I have to regret — deeply regret — that pressing business, of a character not admitting of a postponement, will prevent my doing so.

I regret this privation the more, because the social enjoyment would be heightened by the fact of a deep conviction on my mind, that these interchanges of Masonic visits are but the harbingers of a renewal, not only of social, but of commercial and political relations, and the dawn of a day of general reconciliation; and a revival of the feelings of the good old times, when, side by side, Massachusetts and Virginia stood shoulder to shoulder, and battled in a common cause, for a common weal. Within the borders of the one State was first proclaimed "Liberty or Death," and the other was the first to resist the tyrant's will.

Fanaticism may have, for a time, alienated our feelings, and weakened the chain which binds us together, but I trust in God not a link may be broken. It will add another sparkling jewel in the diadem of Masonry, if upon her platform, which in religion and politics leaves free and untrammelled the human will, a political millennium should take place.

I pray you, present my most hearty and cordial greetings to our visiting Sir Knights of the North; for welcome, thrice welcome, are they in Old Virginia.

May your efforts of hospitality be as successful as you desire; it will then be a week long to be remembered; and should you succeed in doing unto them as they did unto you, then, as you have said and sung of the Old Bay State, may they on their return have cause, as I am sure they will feel inclined, to sing,

"O, carry me back to Old Virginia,
To Old Virginia's shore."

Truly and fraternally yours,

JOHN ROBIN McDANIEL.

JOHN H. SHEPPARD'S LETTER.

Boston, May 13, 1859.

Sir Knights, — The inconvenience of absence from home will excuse me, I trust, for not uniting with the De Molay Encampment in their delightful visit to the Knights of Richmond; but I sympathize with you on this joyous occasion.

The visit of our Virginia friends on the festival of the Holy St. John last year, and the brilliant display of two Encampments, representing the North and South, as they stood on the heights of Bunker Hill beneath the great obelisk, will long be remembered, and the associations of that day laid up as a sweet memorial in the archives of memory.

Your visit to Richmond, — to the State where our good and illustrious brother, the Father of his Country, was born, and where his tomb hallows the banks of the Potomac, — will awaken no less sacred and glorious reminiscences. May we not believe that his spirit still hovers over the land, and is anxious as ever to preserve inviolate that UNION, of which he once said, "Frown indignantly upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest"?

Virginia and Massachusetts have still the same great and common interest to preserve the unity and integrity of our republic, which they nobly felt in the Revolution; and if danger ever threatens us from abroad, may we not realize the prophetic minstrelsy of an American poet of the last century?

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolt ne'er can rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For bold at its portal would WASHINGTON stand,
And repulse with his breast the assault of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of his scabbard would leap,
And conduct every flash with its point to the deep."

I offer a sentiment, which is at your disposal.

Ancient Craft Masonry and True Patriotism: Always united. It was so in the days of old, — revived again in the Cru-

sades, — and ever will be so in our own country, while the chivalry of the North and South stand faithful to their trust, as guardians of the Union.

Fraternally, with respect,

JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

WM. PARKMAN, ESQ., *Commander of the De Molay Encampment.*

THOS. R. LAMBERT'S LETTER.

Charlestown, Mass., May 18, 1859.

SIR KNIGHTS AND BROTHERS: —

There are many considerations which made me desirous to accompany the De Molay Encampment to Virginia. Apart from meeting the Sir Knights of the Richmond Commandery, I should have had the pleasure of taking by the hand some old and valued friends. It has been my privilege to visit many parts of the world; but nowhere have I found more genuine hospitality than in the Old Dominion. Twice I have sailed from her shores for foreign lands, and thrice they have been the first to greet my eyes after protracted absence; and I always found the Masonic party "to accompany me unto the ship," and to welcome my return.

But Virginia hospitality is not confined to her shores: I have met it in a foreign land, and at the hands of one of her most distinguished sons. I refer to our Masonic brother, her present most excellent chief magistrate, whose valor and patriotism were tested on more than one occasion while Minister to the land of Brazil. Should the occasion offer, please give the following sentiment: —

His Excellency Henry A. Wise: "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re."

Sincerely your friend and brother,

THOS. R. LAMBERT.

SIR KNIGHT WM. PARKMAN, *Acting Grand Commander of the De Molay Encampment of Knights Templars.*

ROBERT MORRIS'S LETTER.

Office of the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, Louisville, May 12, 1859.

E. H. GILL, ESQ., *Commander Richmond Commandery, No. 2*: —

E. Sir Knight, — As I cannot participate with you in person in your anticipated pleasures of the 16th instant, I pray you lay before the devoted band whose silver crosses will flash out genuine passion on that occasion, my heart-felt prayers for their health and happiness. And, should my poor name be named among you at the festive board, speak for me in the following sentiment: —

The Knights of the East and West: No estrangement can ever separate those who work upon the Templar's plan.

Devotedly,

ROBERT MORRIS.

The first volunteer sentiment was offered by Sir Knight R. W. Wyatt, of the Richmond Commandery: —

Sir Knights of the De Molay Encampment of Boston, Massachusetts: May the recollection of this visit to Richmond ever be as dear to their hearts as the memory of their Sir Knight, James De Molay, the last Grand Master of the Order of Knights Templars.

Sir Knight Benjamin Dean, Junior Warden of De Molay Encampment, responded. He said: —

Most Eminent Commander and Sir Knights, — While congratulating ourselves upon the auspicious era in which we live, and while our noble order is in the ascendant, and while citizens from all parts of our extensive country look smilingly upon us, it is fit and proper that our minds should be called to the varied history of the past, — that we should not forget its dark and bloody pages, while basking in the sunshine of popular favor.

The sentiment to which I am called to respond is not calculated to call your attention to the brightest pages of the ancient history of the Templars. It does not ask you to reflect upon its singular rise and progress; — not upon those nine knights, styled "Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Jesus Christ," who, denying themselves all the comforts and pleasures of life, by their valorous deeds, their rigid discipline, and unsurpassed devotion to the one great object of protecting weary pilgrims to the Holy Land, acquired the confidence and favor of the Christian world; nor upon its ranks swollen with the best and noblest blood of Europe, and its coffers filled by gifts and contributions from kings, princes, and peasants, and by the bequests of the dying Christians who hastened to take the vows of the Order the better to prepare them to meet death. I must say nothing of all this.

It is not success that embalms and sanctifies, it is the blood of martyrdom. It is the exultant cry of the venerable James De Molay and his companions at the stake, and not their warlike daring and noble exploits, nor the fame of their predecessors in arms, which has given perpetuity and sanctity to the name of the noble Order of Knights Templars.

James De Molay, of noble birth, after acquiring eminence in the Order in France, became Grand Preceptor of England, and subsequently Grand Master of the entire Order. He entered into an alliance with Casan Cham, and, retaking Jerusalem, he and his companions in arms visited the Holy Sepulchre with great devotion, and celebrated Easter with enthusiastic rejoicings on Mount Zion. Casan Cham compelled to return to his own country, the Templars unaided were unable to retain possession of the Holy City, and met with a series of disasters.

Then it was that their great possessions excited the cupidity of Philip the Fair of France, and their privileges and exemptions excited the jealousy and enmity of the Papal clergy. Philip procured the election, as Pope, of Clement V., a tool of his own, and Cardinals to match. The Grand Master was ordered to return *without retinue*, under pretence of consulta-

tion upon the best means for the recovery of the Holy Land. Upon his arrival, he and his followers were thrown into prison, and after five years of incarceration in loathsome dungeons, and after repeated and horrid tortures, confessions of infidelity were extorted from many of the Templars.

In England, even, ecclesiastical tortures were inflicted. Immunity was promised to those who confessed, and death to the obdurate. It was not, however, until after five years of torture in England and France, that enough was extorted from poor, weak, and exhausted nature to give them courage to execute their designs.

Then it was that the Templars, — the "Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Jesus Christ," — who had watered the plains of Palestine with their noble blood, in the cause of Christianity, and whose brethren had invariably, when taken prisoners, preferred death to the Koran, — were convicted of the foolish and ridiculous charge of heresy, and with contempt of that cross which had been their talisman in battle.

The Grand Master, De Molay, was shown a confession of heresy, which it was claimed he had made. "He stigmatized it as a forgery, swearing that if the Cardinals who had subscribed it had been of a different cloth, he would have proclaimed them liars, and would have *challenged them to mortal combat.*" Being persuaded that he had indeed made it, he advanced to the edge of the scaffold, and exclaimed: "I do confess my guilt, which consists in having, to my shame and dishonor, suffered myself, through the pain of torture and fear of death, to give utterance to falsehoods, imputing scandalous sins and iniquities to an illustrious Order which nobly served the cause of Christianity. I disdain to seek a wretched and disgraceful existence by engrafting another lie upon the original falsehood."

We also have information from some, by which we look back upon that scene, and see that venerable man slowly raise his hand towards heaven and exclaim to Pope Clement V. and Philip the Fair: "I charge you to meet me there! Not at Philippi, in night and battle agony, but at the bar of God,

under the blaze of the Judgment fires. You will meet me there, to answer for estates confiscated, for tortures inflicted, for characters traduced, and for the foul murder of my brethren!"

He was executed with many of his fellows, and the estates of the Order were, for the most part, divided among their murderers.

"History attests," says Monsieur Reynouard, "that all who were foremost in the persecution of the Templars came to an untimely and miserable death," and the Pope and king both were called to answer the summons of De Molay within two years. What was the judgment? — What was the judgment?

Such was James De Molay, whose name our Encampment proudly bears. But it is not our property alone. It is equally yours, Sir Knights of Providence and Richmond, gallant and true. It is the property of all true knights.

His name still lives, bright in all its primitive beauty and loveliness, to excite, as in the days of his greatest glory, that spirit of refined and moral chivalry which should prompt us to press onward in the cause of truth and justice, and stimulate us to exertion in behalf of the destitute and the oppressed, — to wield the sword, if need be, when pure and undefiled Religion calls us in her defence, and in a brother's cause to do all that may become men.

The name of James De Molay is indeed dear to us all; so too will be these first crusades of peace and love, from Richmond to Boston and Providence, and from Boston and Providence to Richmond. The memory of one is dear because of his sufferings; of the other, because of its rejoicings. The former is of the last Crusade by the last of our ancient brethren to the Holy Land; the latter, of the first crusades to the holy spots of the New World. While one opens a dark and gloomy page, the other opens a page beaming all over with the bright jewels of plighted friendship, sincere affection, and unbounded hospitality. May these pages never be obliterated, — no, nor even clouded by the slightest spot or blemish!

Sir Knight James Shrigley, of Richmond, gave: —

Our principles, virtue and charity, — regardless of sect, clime, or race: These teach us to rejoice in the existence of every institution where the magic spell of party and sectional names is shorn of a portion of its power.

In response to this sentiment, Sir Knight Commander Parkman, of De Molay Encampment, responded briefly and eloquently. On this occasion, as in all the frequent calls made upon him, he had the right word to say, and his genial manner and enthusiastic language won the hearts of all who listened to him. He concluded with this sentiment: —

The sons of Virginia and Massachusetts: The eldest sons achieved our independence by their patriotism; may the younger brothers appreciate and preserve our glorious heritage by the interchange of knightly courtesy and hospitality.

Sir Knight Dr. John A. Cummings, Treasurer of De Molay Encampment, responded to a call in the following remarks: —

Most Eminent Grand Commander, — I am glad that I have been permitted to enjoy the privilege of being here to-night, because I love Masonry. I love it for its principles of love, union, and charity. Charity, without which the loudest professions are but sounding brass; — Charity, which covereth a multitude of sins; — Charity, which, knowing that "to err is human, to forgive divine," throws its broad and warm mantle over the tempted and the fallen; — Charity, which suffereth long and is kind, is Masonry; — and for this I love it.

But, Sir, I see new reasons for appreciating our Order to-night. I recollect the remarks of my worthy and esteemed friend, Sir Knight Crenshaw, when in Boston, where we had the pleasure of welcoming you to our hearts, our hospitalities, and our homes. He said, substantially, this: —

"If, Sir, I were able, in appropriate terms, to thank you for the kindness that you and your Commandery have heaped upon ours, some, when I return home, might tell me that I had dealt in fancy. If I were to relate, on arriving at home, how we have been received, how we have been welcomed, how we have been embraced as brothers, nothing but its being the word of a Knight Templar would induce them to believe it. I am glad I came to Boston. I am glad my companions came to Boston. I feel, from the bottom of my heart, that it is good for us all.

"I am proud of the fact that the Knights Templars of beloved old Virginia have paid a longer pilgrimage for the interchange of fraternal feelings, than any other association of any kind in this country has ever heretofore made. Why, sir, if the days of the persecution of Masonry were here again, might I not appeal to this pilgrimage alone, if I could point to no other instance of the good it has accomplished, and does accomplish, and be entitled to claim from all philanthropists a wreath of glory with which to adorn its time-honored head?"

Sir, I feel thankful this day for the privilege of responding to those generous sentiments. Here, on the proud soil of "Old Virginia," the mother of Presidents and heroes and statesmen, whose names I need not mention, for they are written deeply in the hearts of all their grateful countrymen, — here it is good for us all to be. Like Peter, of old, I would build three tabernacles; one for Boston, one for Virginia, and one for that common heritage, — dear, however bounded, to every true American heart, — our own, our native land!

It may be, that Masonry is yet to win her proudest triumphs, and deck her diadem with its brightest jewels, on American soil. For while politicians contend, and men are swayed this way and that by conflicting tides of interest and passion, Masonic brothers can everywhere "meet on the level, and part on the square." And while we would disdain the thought of degrading our Order to the low uses of the partisan, or the schemes of the demagogue, yet may we not hope that its higher sentiment, pervading the hearts of true men all

over our land, — that sentiment which brings the North and South together in fraternal love to-night, — I say, may we not hope that that sentiment will so radiate from our mystic lights, as to teach men, that "a man 's a man" after all, whether a Southern sun has scorched him, or a Northern blast has chilled him, — that a "good fellow" belongs to no State or Institution, but is a citizen of the wide, wide world, — thus causing us to forget the local prejudices under which we are born and bred, to rally under the same flag, and stand ready to defend it, together, and to the last?

I give you then as a sentiment: —

Political Masonry: Spurning the partisan, the sectionalist, and the demagogue, yet silently teaching those eternal principles of union, charity, and brotherly love, which are the foundation of our government, and the glory of our land.

Sir Knight F. J. Boggs, of Richmond, gave: —

The De Molay and the St. John's Encampments: From the specimens we witness here, the one must come from a *Boss-town*, and the other must be the peculiar growth of *Providence*.

Sir Knight J. J. Whiting, Standard-Bearer of De Molay Encampment, was called upon to edify the company, and in lieu of a speech he gave an original song, which he sang with excellent taste and a fine voice. The following is one stanza of the song: —

"Say not that chivalry has flown —
Claims we never can disown —
Here is our treasured Palestine;
Virginia in her bosom keeps
One ever-cherished sacred shrine,
Where Washington, the mighty, sleeps!
Befitting aim for Knights' devoir;
And we, as Paladins most true,
Vow, from this moment, more and more
To keep our holy land in view."

Sir Knight John H. Bosher, of Richmond, propounded the following, which elicited tremendous applause: —

The Ladies of New England who accompanied our brother Knights from Boston and Providence in their first pilgrimage from the East: May our efforts to contribute to their pleasure induce them to make repeated pilgrimages, although they may be accompanied by only a single Sir Knight.

Sir Knight F. J. Boggs gave the following: —

The visiting Ladies of Boston and Providence: Their presence is as grateful as their smiles, and all calculated to inspire the hearts of the Sir Knights of Richmond.

Sir Knight W. B. Fowle, of De Molay Encampment, "set the table in a roar" by a speech full of wit, and pertinent allusions to events of the pilgrimage of his brother Sir Knights to Virginia. He gave the following sentiment: —

John P. Ballard, our host: His *bill* (of fare) for INTERNAL improvements needs no amendments, and agrees with the constitution.

This brought out Sir Knight John P. Ballard, proprietor of the Ballard House and the Exchange Hotel, who acknowledged the compliment, gratefully and gracefully, and gave the following sentiment: —

The Sir Knights of the De Molay and St. John's Encampments: In unity, friendship, and brotherly love, their conduct will ever convince the world that they dwell in light.

The following was offered by Sir Knight P. A. Ames, of Boston: —

The true Sir Knight: He who in the battle of life forgets not the motto, *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*

O. Jennings Wise, of the Richmond Enquirer, gave: —

The Sir Knights of New England: Whenever they visit our Southern cities, may their reception be such as will enable them to take a retrospective view of the visit with pleasure and good-will.

Sir Knight A. S. Eddy, Senior Warden of St. John's Encampment, made an enthusiastic speech, in which he declared that it would be impossible to destroy this Union, for Old Virginia would hold in check the disunionists both North and South.

Quite a number of choice spirits held their positions at the tables until "the morn, with russet mantle clad," warned them to retire, and the effervescent and sparkling flow of wit and eloquence ended at a quarter past three o'clock.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pilgrims visit Ashland. — A Jockey Club Reception and Dinner. — A Panorama, Illumination, and other Festivities in the Evening.

On Wednesday morning, the third day of the sojourn of the pilgrim Knights in Richmond, there were various movements about the Exchange Hotel and Ballard House which denoted their temporary departure from the city. They were awakened, during a heavy shower of rain, from their rose-colored dreams of the banquet, and warned to prepare themselves for a new series of festivities and enjoyments. When breakfast had been despatched, they were summoned to put themselves in readiness for a trip to Ashland, where a handsome village, composed principally of the habitations of Richmond gentlemen, has grown up near the "Slashes," celebrated as the place of Henry Clay's nativity. A fine race-course is located near the Ashland Depot, where the favorite pastime of Virginia gentlemen is indulged in, and the Ashland Jockey Club had extended an invitation to the Sir Knights to partake of their hospitalities upon the ground.

The Templars responded gallantly to the call, and about ten o'clock the three Commanderies, with their bands of music, formed at the Exchange Hotel, and

marched up Main Street, to Ninth Street, and proceeded to the Depot of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad.

The column attracted much attention as it moved through the streets, and there were many sparkling eyes peeping from the dwellings of the citizens when the music announced the approach of the Sir Knights.

At eleven o'clock they took a special train, provided for their accommodation, and were whirled rapidly along to Ashland, fifteen miles distant from Richmond. The road passes through a rich and pleasant district, and the Templars beguiled the time for a part of the way by holding a mock trial of one of their number, in which the defence commenced the case, and all the established forms of judicial proceedings were reversed. This amusing affair lasted until the train reached Ashland.

On alighting from the cars the New England Sir Knights were escorted by the Richmond Commandery into the grounds belonging to the Jockey Club. When they had passed into the enclosure, the Commanderies were drawn up in line, and Commander Gill addressed them as follows: —

Sir Knights of De Molay, St. John's, and Richmond Commanderies, — I rejoice that I can retire from the duties devolved upon me, to give place to Colonel Robinson, who not only has charge of the iron horse, but the iron wheel against which Governor Wise cautioned you. Therefore I surrender my command to an abler and a better man, who is more competent to discharge the hospitalities than myself.

Turning to Colonel Edwin Robinson, President of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railway Company, he said: —

Sir, I know that you are strongly armed with mint-juleps and Champagne in yonder tent, that it would be in vain to contend with you, and beg leave, without further parley, to resign my command into your experienced and able hands.

Colonel Robinson then welcomed the Sir Knights in the following language: —

Sir Knights of Boston and Providence, and of the Richmond Commandery, — The position assigned me by Grand Commander Sir E. H. Gill, as your leader, cannot be declined on my part, notwithstanding it is fraught with danger and responsibility. In common with his Command, and indeed all present, I cannot but regret that one who for knightly deeds has a national fame, — who, to advance the Cross, and destroy the Crescent, would "any deed of daring do," — should encounter any enemy before which his stout hands and strong arms should quail. But, my friends, such is not now the case. The enemy who in secret ambush lies beneath yonder canopy, and over which its blood-red flag is waving, in the strength of its pride, is one which knows no mercy in its warfare. The young and the old, the good and the great, have fallen before it; and your gallant Commander has the discretion to bow to fate. It is true that in the vigor of life, when hope was full, and daring high within him, he often met this enemy; but, warned by the approaches of age, and the fact that in his late encounters the enemy had him on the hip, and that he barely escaped with life, he cannot reconcile it to a sense of the duty due from him to the gallant force under him, to hazard their fate by a probable fall of their gallant Commander; and therefore he is willing to waive the chance of further laurels for his brow, rather than encounter the fatal blow, which by his fall would certainly ensue. He has, therefore, designated me, around whom hangs the prestige of victory over the enemy before you, and, acting on principles of duty, I cannot decline the position.

For your comfort, and to nerve you for the contest, gentle-

men, I will say, apart from any egotism, that I have never yet been known to yield to the relentless foe before you. It is true that I have been seen to stagger, and sometimes to reel, but in no prostrate condition have I been yet found, but ever with my face to the enemy have seemed to yield. Unlike the cowardly priest, who, in exhorting his soldiers of the cross, previous to the fight, told them to remember that all who fell in battle would sup in heaven, yet was the first to flee from the scene, and, when called to and reminded of the invocation, remarked that all who knew him knew that he never liked supper, I shall go with you at supper time, and aye at dinner time too. I have now, my brethren, said all that I can say to nerve you for the contest before you. I will only further remark, that, after the first flush of excitement is over, there will be every stimulant before you for the continuance of the contest, and the perseverance in it will richly reward your efforts. It is possible, ay, more than probable, that some of you, if not all, will bite the ground. If such should be the case, I promise you, one and all, knightly burial, and that green and fragrant mint will flourish and bloom above your graves. Perhaps, too, in after years, some patriot spirit, like Old Mortality, will wander where you fell, and raise a monument like that which illustrates the gallant deeds of Leonidas and his Spartan band of Thermopylæ, and like them will bear in future ages the inscription, "Go, stranger, and tell your countrymen, that in obedience to their command, and in an assault on one of the peculiar institutions of Virginia, we fell." I will say no more, the enemy is before you. Sound, bugles, sound. On, brave Knights, to the charge, and victory is yours.

There was an irresistible humor in the manner of Colonel Robinson, and the Sir Knights most joyfully placed themselves under his leadership. The bugles sounded and the company marched into a large pavilion to meet the "enemy." The first thing that met the eye within the tent was the great punch-bowl, belonging to the Ashland

Jockey Club, which has a capacity of forty-five gallons. It is oval in form, made of iron, lined with porcelain, and decorated upon the outside with racing scenes, in relief. This bowl was filled with the remedy recommended by the wise man for him "that is ready to perish." Forty-five gallons of mint, concocted with all the cunning of the greatest adept in such medicines in all Richmond, blushed within the huge bowl, and on each side of it were tables covered with that which was prescribed long ago for "him that is heavy of heart."

Some time was spent in the pavilion in repairing the damages to the constitutions of the Sir Knights incurred in their ride from Richmond, and then they examined the race-course and its various buildings. The track is perfectly level, and the grounds are amply provided with buildings necessary for the accommodation of spectators who assemble to witness the races.

It was announced, soon after the arrival of the Commanderies, that the race which had been advertised for that afternoon — a three-mile race between some of the best horses of the South — must be postponed, because the showers of the previous night and morning had rendered the track unfit for racing. This was a disappointment to many of the Sir Knights from New England, who had never witnessed an exhibition of the powers of the noble-blooded racing stock of Old Virginia.

The bands, Gilmore's and Green's, occupied the judges' stand, and played in succession some of their finest airs, for the entertainment of the spectators who had gathered to witness the race. In the mean time the "enemy" in the pavilion held out obstinately, and, although he inflicted no wounds upon the attacking party, he manifested no disposition to yield. The Richmond Templars and their

guests carried on the war bravely and skilfully, and showed in the protracted contest that they were not deficient in either force or strategy. The conflict was protracted until three o'clock, at which time the Knights came off victorious, and, at the roll of the drum, formed into column and marched to dinner, leaving the "enemy" discomfited and forlorn in his tent.

The spacious area under the grand stand was used as a dining-hall, and the extensive tables were loaded with substantial and luxurious fare. Although this was called a plain country dinner by the gentlemen who provided it, the edibles were profuse in quantity, and excellent in quality. The appropriation of the solid elements of the feast was accompanied by a lively and continuous popping of Champagne, — a sort of *feu de joie* in honor of the victory so lately achieved over the "enemy in ambuscade" in the tent, which had been so recently thrown into disorder, routed, and defeated.

Colonel Robinson presided at the tables, and when the cloth was removed he called upon several gentlemen, who responded with pleasant, impromptu, informal speeches and sentiments.

Castine White, Esq., on behalf of the Ashland Jockey Club, of which he is Vice-President, addressed the Sir Knights in a speech of welcome to Ashland and to the grounds under the jurisdiction of the Club.

Marmaduke Johnson, Esq., a young lawyer of Richmond, son of the late Wm. R. Johnson, celebrated for his princely patronage of the turf, and his efforts in raising the blood horses of Virginia to a high standard of excellence, was called out, and made a speech full of the fire of eloquence.

He said he was not a Mason or a Knight Templar, but if he understood rightly the principles of the Order, it was eminently worthy of all the regard his fellow-citizens could bestow upon it. He joined in the welcome extended to the Templars from New England with all his heart. Why should they not feel welcome? They had been received with open arms and hearts by the Governor of Virginia, by the civil authorities of the cities of Virginia, by men of learning, by the preachers of religion, by the ladies, — by everybody.

He reminded them that they stood upon holy ground. They were on a sacred soil. They trod the native soil beneath the native skies of Patrick Henry and Henry Clay. Their eyes rested on the same trees and fields and streams, and he could only say that the heart which cannot beat with lively emotions in the land of Patrick Henry and Henry Clay, was unworthy of an American bosom.

He had visited Boston and Bunker Hill, and his bosom, as he trod that sacred soil, was filled with the holiest emotions of patriotism, — emotions to which he knew all present would respond with their whole hearts. He felt inspired to speak to the Sir Knights in the name of his own State, and bid them welcome, thrice welcome, to Virginia. He felt sure, and was glad, that there are men in Massachusetts, as well as Virginia, who would, if necessary, in defence of this glorious Union and the Constitution which binds it together, draw their swords, throw away their scabbards, and take their last look upon the sun!

In conclusion he gave this sentiment: —

Massachusetts and Virginia: Two souls with but a single thought, — two hearts that beat as one.

The above is but a brief sketch of Mr. Johnson's speech, the sentiments of which, and his impassioned style of oratory, created immense enthusiasm in the company. When he concluded, several rushed to him, and shook his hands vehemently.

When the hand-shaking and cheering were ended, Sir Knight Joseph Mayo, Mayor of Richmond, being called up, made one of those spirited and effective speeches for which he is famous in Virginia on social and public occasions. He closed with a sentiment in honor of Queen Victoria, with a view to call out Her Majesty's Consul for Richmond, but that gentleman was, unfortunately, absent.

Colonel Robinson proposed the following: —

The Boston Yankees of Revolutionary Times: They sacrificed their tea, but they saved the Union.

Brother A. O. Brewster was called upon to respond to this toast, but not being present, Sir Knight G. W. Churchill, of Boston, answered the call. He said: —

It is with diffidence that I rise to say a few words in response to your summons. I am no orator, like Brutus, and if I were, I should still suffer from diffidence after the eloquent addresses of Mr. Johnson and others, who have so cordially and warmly welcomed us here. Especially do I feel inclined to remain silent, since we have been reminded in such touching language that our feet "stand on holy ground." Holy ground? Yea, ground sanctified and hallowed in the hearts of all true Americans as the birthplace of that noble man, that eloquent orator, eminent statesman, patriot, and counsellor, Henry Clay, — the immortal Henry Clay, the "mill-boy of the Slashes," — as well known and beloved while he lived, and as deeply deplored in death, in New England as in Old Virginia. Although I differed from him on some of the leading questions of the times, I am proud here to-day, upon this sacred spot, to bear testimony to his patriotism, honesty, and sincerity.

I will not attempt to make a speech on this occasion, but only to express, in the few feeble words at my command, the pleasure and personal gratification I have experienced from the first moment I placed my feet upon the soil of this glorious

old Commonwealth. And now allow me to thank you, not only in my own behalf, but in behalf of all my "companions in arms," both those here present, and those noble Knights Templars of New England whose representatives we are, for the earnest and honest welcome you have given us to your hearts, your homes, and the soil of the "Old Dominion." Virginia and hospitality have ever been in my mind synonomous terms, but one needs to visit you to realize the idea fully. Excuse me when I say that some of us have made great personal sacrifices to be here; that we came not merely to pass a few pleasant days with our brethren of the "mystic tie" in the interchange of friendly sentiments and social enjoyment. We came to fulfil our destiny in the accomplishment of a more important mission; — not to rescue the sepulchre of our Master from the infidel, to defend the Christian religion, and raise the Cross high above the Crescent; but we came to meet the men of the South, face to face, and exchange views with them, — to increase the love we have for our common country, and, as we draw closer the cords of our fraternity, to make stronger the bonds of friendship and brotherly love between citizens of different States.

As Knights Templars, we profess a belief in the Deity. We have also promised to be "good men and true," to "protect the innocent, relieve the distressed, and succor the helpless." As true and courteous Knights, we should also believe in the Constitution of the United States, — in our noble and glorious Union, however bounded, — in that national liberty which comprises the liberty of the conscience, the liberty of the press, the liberty of the people. In the promotion of these principles we are here to-day, enjoying your "disinterested friendship and unbounded hospitality."

Allow me in conclusion to offer you this sentiment: —

The Union of the States and of the People: The prayer of the patriot and the hope of the world.

This speech was received with cheers, and the bands united played "Auld Lang Syne."

The following sentiment in honor of Honorable John M. Botts was proposed: —

John M. Botts: He had rather be right than be President.

There were loud calls for Mr. Botts, but he had left the grounds.

A sentiment complimentary to Colonel Robinson brought that gentleman to his feet, and he made a speech full of generous and patriotic sentiments, concluding with the following: —

Virginia and New England: They were undivided in the Revolution, — may they never be estranged from each other in any future period.

The De Molay Encampment were toasted, and their Commander, Sir Knight Parkman, replied in their behalf, with the following facetious remarks: —

Mr. President, Sir Knights, and Gentlemen, — I am taken against my will! I am unprepared to speak! I have nothing to say, and yet by force, and against my own volition, I am placed upon the top of this table and told to "go on!" — to "say something!" — to reply to what has been said. (Turning to the President imploringly), How can I speak? What can I say? Sir, and Companions, you behold before you one who landed upon these shores but a few days since, full of hope, in search of enjoyment, and possessing life, health, liberty, property, and last, but not least, a chosen partner, my beloved wife. Having lost all, I have to-day made application to take out naturalization papers and become a citizen of Virginia.

I find myself to have been deprived, one by one, of my liberty, my property, and to-day, alas! my wife is taken from me!

Sir, from the moment we landed here, "a set of fellows instigated by some fell purpose, only known to themselves," have watched us day and night. My personal freedom is entirely gone; I can neither go in nor out but I am watched. My money they won't take; and if I attempt to pay for what I need, I am told my money won't pass, being either uncurrent or counterfeit, and if I try again to pass it, they threaten me with arrest.

And now to-day — this very precious horse-race day — my cup of personal misery is overflowed, my Rubicon is passed, my crowning misery has come. This blessed morning, while upon the way here, "being in the charge of my tormentors," I asked to be allowed to move from my seat for the purpose of finding my wife, who, I supposed, was in the cars.

Well, sir, would you believe it, one of these chaps said to me, with a very threatening look, "*You just sit down and keep quiet*, or we'll have you arrested for violation of the statute. Your wife, with all the ladies of the party, is in charge of the Mayor of Richmond; and all you have to do is just mind what we say, and do just what we tell you."

Well, sir, I gave it up, and said to myself, — for "I dared not say it aloud," — I only hope, when they let me go, they will let me have my clothes, for that is all I have now left. I immediately made application to the Mayor of Richmond for my papers, and received a promise I shall soon become a Virginia citizen; and when I do, I shall feel free to speak my mind.

Sir, to be serious, I have not words to follow either yourself, or that silver tongue * which has just ceased giving us such exquisite music; but as to the patriotic sentiments, for myself and brother Sir Knights, we reciprocate them entirely. And now, with your permission, allow me to close with a sentiment: —

The Men of Virginia: Afflicted with heart complaint, *Love of Union.* God grant it may prove epidemic, till every man, woman, and child, through the length and breadth of the land, shall become infected therewith.

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* Marmaduke Johnson, Esq.

The humor of this speech was fully appreciated, and it called forth an abundance of laughter and applause.

Providence was toasted, and Commander Barker made a pertinent speech, closing with an appropriate sentiment. The Providence Band played "Old Bristol," a tune which is called the "national air of Rhode Island" in that State.

Speeches followed in rapid succession, from Sir Knights Crenshaw of Richmond, Manchester of Providence, Drummond of New Jersey, and from General Tyler, Dr. Cummings, and Dr. Lewis, of Boston, all of whom expressed themselves forcibly and happily, — reiterating the kind sentiments which had been so freely interchanged between the Northern and Southern Templars.

Grand Master Lewis paid a high compliment to the eloquence of Marmaduke Johnson, Esq., saying that he bowed with reverence before such powers of mind and such thrilling oratory as that gentleman had displayed. He also gave his tribute of praise to the enterprise of the Ashland Jockey Club, as manifested in the arrangement of the grounds and the construction of the buildings upon their admirable race-course.

The entertainment by the Jockey Club was eminently social in its character, while at the same time dignity and good sense were paramount.

After the dinner was over, the company examined some of the best blooded race-horses of Virginia, which were led out upon the track for their inspection. They were favored, also, with a view of some of the fine summer residences of citizens of Richmond who live at Ashland. The mansions, cottages, and grounds denote the good taste of their possessors, who seem determined to render the birthplace of Clay one of the most attractive towns in Virginia.

At six o'clock, the signal was given to return to Richmond, and the Sir Knights took their places in the train, for Richmond. The bands enlivened the company on their trip with stirring music, and on their arrival the musicians formed themselves into a battalion, and escorted the Templars to the Exchange Hotel, when a brief respite was granted to the captive "Pilgrims."

After supper, the visiting Knights were placed under the escort of the Richmond Commandery, and marched to the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, to attend, by invitation, an exhibition of a Panorama of the War in the Crimea. The building of the Institute was illuminated in front with six thousand candles, and over the main entrance was a transparency, bearing symbols of Masonry and Templarism, and the inscriptions, —

"In hoc signo vinces."

"Virginia welcomes Massachusetts and Rhode Island."

Some of the Sir Knights, who did not choose to remain at the exhibition, were taken in charge by their Richmond friends, and escorted to various private residences, where they were greeted with the same prodigal hospitality which had marked their public reception everywhere in Virginia.

About ten o'clock the column returned to the hotel, and the festivities of the third day of the pilgrims at Richmond were closed.

CHAPTER IX.

Grand Dress Parade of the Knights Templars in Richmond. — Visits to the State Capitol, and to the City Armories. — Floral Tributes from the Ladies of Richmond. — Levee and Ball in the Evening.

On Thursday morning, the fourth day after the arrival of the pilgrim Templars in Richmond, they were summoned to prepare for a grand parade through the principal streets of the city. The Richmond Commandery formed at their "Asylum," about ten o'clock, and marched to the Exchange Hotel. At eleven o'clock the column was formed, and the Sir Knights took up their line of march, passing through Main Street and Ninth Street to the Capitol Square.

Halting at the State Capitol, the visiting Knights were conducted into the building, and the various objects of interest therein were shown to them. The celebrated statue of Washington by Houdon, the French sculptor, in the rotunda, first attracted their attention. This statue, in marble, was modelled from the living subject, and it is considered the most correct representation of Washington in existence, so far as size, form, and features are concerned. After an examination of this splendid work of art, the Knights visited the Chamber of the House of Delegates. Here they saw the chair which was once

occupied by the immortal Patrick Henry. The walls of the chamber were adorned with a fine portrait of Thomas Jefferson, and also a picture of Lord Chatham, which was sent to Virginia in the Colonial times.

In the State Library they saw some of the most valuable and interesting documents connected with the early history of our country, among which was a fac-simile of the original draft of the Declaration of Independence. A picture of Chief Justice Marshall occupies a prominent position in this room. One of the trophies of Yorktown, a cannon-ball found on the battle-field, is there exhibited as a solid testimonial of the determination of the mother country to subjugate the Colonies.

A half-hour was agreeably spent in examining the rooms of the Capitol, and then the Sir Knights were assembled in form upon the spacious portico of the building, which fronts the South, and were introduced to Colonel Wythe Munford, Secretary of State for Virginia, by Commander Gill.

Colonel Munford is a gray-haired gentleman, who has grown old in the service of his State, but retains the vigor and energy of his younger days. He has held the office of Secretary of State for five years, and previously to his election to that post had been Clerk of the House of Delegates for twenty years.

When Colonel Munford appeared on the portico, the Templars presented arms, and he addressed them in eloquent and forcible language. He said: —

Sir Knights of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, — I have been very unexpectedly requested to greet and welcome you to the Capitol of the Old Dominion. I could have wished that the Governor of the State had been here to perform this duty, but we are content to know that he has done all in his power,

by leaving a spirited letter, which shows you that Virginia's doors are open to welcome you in the name of the entire Commonwealth. The Governor has poured out his whole soul in that letter, and in the same spirit which animated him I bid you welcome, Sir Knights of Boston and Providence, a hearty welcome to Virginia.

In the days that tried men's souls, the men of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Virginia stood side by side, and poured out their blood together on the same common altar, for the same common cause. When the bayonet became the final arbiter between the Colonies and the mother country, they stood shoulder to shoulder, the sons of Massachusetts and Virginia. When weary, they made inspiration by singing noble anthems, and the touch of each arm to that of his fellow told as plainly as language could do, that each had a brother by his side. In that conflict but one sentiment filled their minds, and one impulse gave strength to their arms, — the sentiment, "Our Country," the impulse, "God and Truth."

When their task was accomplished, they together founded a nation without strife or disagreement, upon broad and enduring principles, — upon principles which linked Massachusetts and Rhode Island and Virginia together as with hooks of steel. And when they had organized the government, they raised to its high offices their most distinguished men. The men of those days, who laid the foundations of this great nation, always discarded the mean, the sordid, the selfish, and the vicious.

Now if we would excite the same noble sentiment, there is nothing better than this interchange of courtesies and greetings in which you are now engaged.

You will excuse me, Sir Knights, if I relate to you an incident in reference to one of New England's great men. I once had the pleasure of seeing Daniel Webster in this very place, and of witnessing an incident which has never yet been published, and was known only to the four persons present. Mr. Webster on one occasion, in midsummer, visited Richmond, and came to the Capitol. I was present, and felt most happy

to escort him through the building. He was accompanied by a charming young lady whose name I do not remember, as when introduced to her I did not expect ever to meet her again. We entered the Hall of Delegates, which he had expressed a desire to see, and the wind blew the door so that it was shut upon four persons, — Mr. Webster and the young lady, another gentleman and myself.

Mr. Webster remarked to the lady, that in that chamber some of the most eminent men in the nation had engaged in debate, and requested her to occupy the Speaker's chair while he should make a speech. She complied, and that gifted man pronounced a eulogy upon the sons of Virginia which was never equalled. It was eloquent, grand, sublime. The scene was one which I shall never forget, and the presence of these gentlemen from New England has called it to remembrance to-day.

It is well that the citizens of the North and the South should become more intimately acquainted with each other. A short time ago New York sent a regiment to us. They came as brethren, and we received them as such. Their visit made a pleasant impression upon our memories, which will not soon be effaced. And now we are permitted the privilege to greet a noble company of Sir Knights, from Massachusetts and Rhode Island, a delegation of gentlemen distinguished for all honorable and good qualities. I did not anticipate this visit at the Capitol, but I can assure you that it gives me great pleasure, and again, in behalf of the Governor, and in behalf of all the people of Virginia, I tender you a hearty, and sincere welcome! Consider our homes your homes! Be with us and of us while here, as if you were, indeed, sons of the Old Dominion!

The speech of Colonel Munford seemed to reach directly to the hearts of his auditory.

M. E. Commander Parkman, of the De Molay Encampment, replied as follows: —

Sir, — In behalf of my companion Sir Knights, it is proper that I should attempt to thank you for your warm and eloquent words of welcome. But, Sir, I am not used to express myself in public. Until this, our visit to Virginia, I had never spoken to mixed assemblies; but as soon as I found myself on the soil so productive of oratory and patriotic sentiment, my tongue was partially unloosed, and I have felt inspired with the power to respond in some sort to the hearty and kind and genial welcome extended by the Sir Knights of Richmond and the citizens of Virginia.

I return to you, in behalf of my companions in this pilgrimage, most hearty thanks for this kind reception. We came here from Massachusetts and Rhode Island, not as Whigs, not as Democrats, not as anti-slavery men or pro-slavery men; but in that higher and most glorious sense expressed by your chief magistrate, as citizens of our common country, these United States. We are national, and not sectional men. We came to exchange the vows of friendship, and mingle the blazes of those fires which our fathers kindled at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, not for any section, but for the whole country. We are proud to stand here as representatives of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, but we are prouder yet to assert ourselves citizens of the United States. The letter of Governor Wise, so happily alluded to, will never be forgotten. The sentiments it expresses will resound at every festival and at every fireside in New England, and at every recurrence of the memory of our more than knightly welcome, we shall be prouder than before that we are American citizens.

When Commander Parkman had concluded his speech, Gilmore's Band played "Hail Columbia," the Providence Band followed with "Washington's March," and "America" was given as a finale by the Boston Band.

It was an impressive scene upon the grand portico of the Capitol, when the Templars took up their line of march. They passed through Capitol Square and the

Governor's Grounds to Broad Street, and continued on the route laid down in the programme of the day's proceedings, through the most attractive portions of the city.

While on their march, the pilgrim Knights were everywhere greeted in the kindliest manner. Many of the dwellings on the route had been decorated with flowers by their fair occupants, and the Sir Knights were continually assaulted with bouquets thrown by beautiful women from windows, from balconies, from porticos, — from every vantage-ground which the attacking parties could occupy.

Many of these missiles, hurled so boldly at the Sir Knights, displayed much taste in their arrangement and construction. The Knights sustained the assaults without murmuring, and retreated in good order, bearing with them so many trophies of the encounter that their marching column resembled a floral procession. Sir Knight S. W. Clifford, of the De Molay Encampment, was wounded by a bouquet in which were four magnolia-leaves, on the polished surface of which were inscribed by a stylus, in a neat handwriting, these mottoes : —

"Virginia's Daughters welcome the Sir Knights."

"Long life and happiness to the strangers from Boston and Providence."

"Though our skies have been weeping, our hearts have been rejoicing, while animated by the inspiring strains of your matchless bands."

"K. F—," "M. F—," "L. M—," "E. M—," "M. M—."

When the Sir Knights reached the residence of Mrs. Wirt Robinson,* they discovered that it was adorned

* Mrs. Robinson presented a beautiful gift, accompanied by a poetical tribute, to the New England Encampments, on Tuesday.

elaborately with flowers, in wreaths, garlands, festoons, etc. With knightly courtesy they acknowledged the compliment by presenting arms while passing.

In front of the mansion of Sir Knight John F. Regnault, the sidewalk was completely covered with fragrant bouquets of choice flowers, strewn there as an offering to the Pilgrims. This tribute was also acknowledged with a passing salute. And at almost every step they were met with some fresh testimonial of regard from the warm-hearted and bright-eyed women of Richmond.

The procession halted at the State Armory, on Fifth Street. This is a fine building, used as an arsenal by the State Guard, or the "standing army" of Virginia, a corps numbering about ninety men. This is the only military body kept constantly in the service of the State in any State of the Union. The armory is under the charge of Captain Charles Dimmock, formerly of Massachusetts, a brother of the late Colonel John L. Dimmock of Boston.

Captain Dimmock welcomed the Sir Knights in a handsome speech, expressing his regrets that he had not been notified of their visit. After an examination of the barracks, arms, and ammunition of the armory, the Templars resumed their march, and proceeded to the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, where they arrived at half past one o'clock.

In this, the "Asylum" of the Sir Knights, they found another manifestation of the prodigal, the unbounded hospitality of Virginia Templars. Tables were extended upon each side of the hall, on which was spread a tempting collation. In the centre of the room was a platform which supported a huge punch-bowl. This bowl was suspected of being filled with juleps by the teetotallers of the

company, and others convinced themselves that such was truly the case. The pilgrims had marched a considerable distance, under the excitements of a grand parade, in which the eyes of all the ladies and gentlemen of Richmond were upon them, and they were consequently in a condition to relish keenly the excellent refreshments which were spread bountifully before them. Right heartily they paid their knightly devoirs to the feast.

The hall was draped with bunting, and tastefully festooned with flowers and evergreens. Along the central area the following mottoes were suspended: —

"What Cheer."
"Clay."
"Warren."
"Greene."
"Webster."

While the banqueting was yet in progress, there arose a loud call for Marmaduke Johnson, Esq., who was in the hall. That gentleman stepped forward, and was immediately placed by his friends upon the platform. Standing by the side of the large julep-bowl, he made a spirited and eloquent speech, amid the explosions of Champagne, the clinking of glasses, and the plaudits of the company.

As near as can be remembered, he spoke as follows: —

My friends, this call is most unexpected and almost unkind, and yet, under the inspiring influences of this scene, I cannot refuse to respond to it. If I could express the feelings which the events of the past few days, and of to-day, have aroused in my bosom, I would infuse into your hearts a flame that should unite Massachusetts and Virginia for ever. I walked through your Masonic Hall to-day, and saw by your emblems that you inculcate Love, Hope, and Charity; and I saw that I too am

a Knight Templar in feeling, although not a member of your noble Order, if such are your principles.

I have had the pleasure to-day also of being presented to the noble and beautiful ladies of New England who accompanied you, and felt how knightly courtesy and chivalry must be inspired by the ties which bind you to them. That all above them may be sunshine, and that flowers may spring perpetually beneath their feet in their pilgrimage to Richmond, and their path through life, is my sincere wish for them.

When I entered this hall, I saw conspicuous around me those immortal names which I revere and love, as well as you, names which revive in our bosoms the holiest sentiments of patriotism.

I saw "Warren," — the first red martyr of the Revolutionary struggle!

I saw "Webster," — who will be remembered as one of the greatest of our nation's statesmen, until the curtain of time shall fall!

I saw "Greene," — who stood by the side of Washington, second to him only, in battles for our independence!

I saw "Clay," — whose name we wear in our hearts for ever and for ever, a life-long forget-me-not!

These glorious names, honored at your festival, are a certificate of your own true love of the Union.

Gentlemen, we are about to part, — shall we meet again?

When the beautiful Clemanthe was about to be separated from the noble-hearted Ion, who was doomed to banishment, she cried, "O, shall we meet again?" And he answered, "I, too, have asked that question of the everlasting hills, the rocks, the trees, and the running streams, and they gave me no answer, — but my *heart* tells me we *shall* be one for ever!"

Gentlemen, we may never meet again face to face, but the interchange of thought and feeling which has taken place during your visit, has made us one for ever. Let me propose in conclusion, this sentiment: —

Dear to Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Virginia are the names of Washington and Hancock, Adams and Jefferson, Webster and Clay: May our gratitude to them be eternal,

and immortal be their memory in the hearts of future generations!

Enthusiastic plaudits from the Sir Knights and their invited guests, not members of the Order, saluted Mr. Johnson at the conclusion of this speech.

Commander Parkman was loudly called upon, and made a fitting response. He said: —

Sir Knights and Gentlemen, — What can I say? Where shall I find language by which to express the feelings which throng into my heart and the hearts of my brother Templars on this occasion? I have no language adequate. Will not *some one* lend me the tongue of a Webster, or an Everett, or a Johnson, so that I may express our thanks for the kindness lavished upon us during our pilgrimage in this State?

But I can at least thank you, with a sentiment which comes from the innermost shrine of the heart, for what you have done to render us happy, and for the lessons of knightly brotherhood and hospitality you have taught us. I would like to respond in proper terms, were I able, to the beautiful and eloquent sentiments of him who has just spoken to you; but it is out of my power while I am yet under the influence of his thrilling words.

I thank him for speaking of Webster as he has just now spoken. I was a friend of his, — a personal friend, — and I feel that that great man, who, compassed about with the glory of this great republic, could speak to me with such words of genuine and hearty kindness as he always greeted me with, would appreciate properly your hospitality, and thank you for it as it deserves. He could speak to Virginia, and respond to your welcome to these sons of New England in terms befitting the scenes constantly enacted around us during our visit among you.

I also thank our young brother for the sentiments he has expressed in regard to Masonry. It is a noble institution, and I have felt, while presiding in the Lodge where John Hancock

was initiated to its mysteries, and also when I sat in the Lodge-room where Chief Justice Marshall was the presiding officer in your city, that Masonry is one of the brightest and most enduring links which connect the great and good men of their generation with us, and that the chain will grow brighter and stronger as it is lengthened along through coming centuries.

Commander Parkman closed with a sentiment complimentary to the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

Sir Knight John Dove, of Richmond, Secretary to the Grand Lodge, responded in an enthusiastic speech. Several other impromptu speeches were made, but the general joy and enthusiasm of the company prevented the reporters from recording the eloquent sentiments which were uttered.

When the Sir Knights were sufficiently rested and refreshed, they marched forth, and were proceeding on their way towards their quarters, when they were intercepted by the Richmond Blues, and conducted to the Armory of that corps. This was the day of "May training" in Virginia, and the militia of Richmond were on parade, in fulfilment of the requirements of law. The Blues were in fatigue dress, Lieut. Wm. L. Maule, a Sir Knight, commanding. And they seemed bent upon devoting themselves to the entertainment of the visiting Templars. Their armory was decorated in an elaborate style, and with much taste, both without and within. Arrangements had been made for keeping "open house" during the day and evening.

Soon after the decorations were completed at the armory, about fifty of the ladies of Richmond assembled there, and despatched a committee of gentlemen to the Exchange Hotel, who escorted the ladies who had accom-

panied the pilgrim Knights from New England to the armory, where they were agreeably entertained.

On entering the armory, the Sir Knights found the entrance hall and the ante-room draped with flags, and adorned with mottoes expressive of the hospitable sentiments of the corps towards their visitors. In the ante-room their eyes were greeted with a sight of the famous Blues' punch-bowl, made of porcelain, having a capacity of forty gallons, which was filled with iced juleps of most nourishing quality. This bowl is held as a precious relic by the company, having been in their possession during three generations. Lafayette refreshed himself with its contents on the occasion of his visit to Richmond, in 1824. The great bowl was flanked with tubs of lemonade, and with various light and refreshing beverages.

On entering the main hall of the armory, the Sir Knights found that it had been converted into a bower of flags and roses. Conspicuous upon the wall was the roll of the company, past and present, since its organization, May 10, 1793.

Along one side of the hall was a table loaded with refreshments, which were tempting, even to an appetite cloyed at the banquet so lately enjoyed by the Sir Knights. Behind the tables was a picked corps of Richmond's fair daughters, each armed with bouquets and wreaths of fresh-cut flowers, for distribution to the visitors.

Lieutenant-Commanding Maule received the visitors in the following speech : —

Most Eminent Commanders and Sir Knights of St. John's and De Molay Encampments, — The Richmond Light Infantry Blues, citizen soldiers of the Commonwealth of Virginia, are assembled this morning to greet you, and welcome you to the soil of the Old Dominion. An opportunity has not heretofore

occurred to say to you that we are glad to see you, and that we are desirous of grasping your hands, and imparting the token grip whereby one patriot may know another, and pressing heart to heart, with the motto, "Our Country," ever before us. Again, welcome! ay,

> "A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep,
> And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: welcome!
> A curse begin at very root of his heart,
> That is not glad to see thee!"

Sir Knights, our quarters are small, but they are "snug"; and I request you to pass "the word" to your companions, that the Blues' hands and hearts are open to receive you.

Sir Knights of the Richmond Commandery, you are at home; and I command you to make your guests the same.

Commander Parkman replied: —

Sir Knights, — Cast your eyes up and down this hall. Observe the shades of the first and second degrees. I think, that of the two, I should prefer the second!

Mr. Commander of the Blues, the Sir Knights of Boston and Providence have come to the motto of Virginia, "Load and fire," on occasions like this. We are content to surrender, at discretion, and most thankfully to fulfil your commands.

The Templars were pressed to partake of the delicacies which loaded the board, and their attention was also directed to a silver water-cooler, holding fifteen gallons, the property of the Blues, which stood at the upper end of the hall, which was filled with Champagne, filtered through ice, and dispensed in draught.

Brief speeches were made by several gentlemen. The young ladies dispensed to the Sir Knights bouquets and garlands, and smiles more beautiful than their floral offerings. It was one of the rosiest hours the pilgrims had enjoyed in Richmond.

At four o'clock the Encampments returned to the hotel, and assumed their fatigue uniform. The remainder of the day was occupied in visiting, in squads of from two to twenty, various places of public interest, and numerous private residences. Quite a number of the visiting Knights were taken to some of the largest tobacco establishments of the city, and witnessed the great skill and rapidity of the manipulations of the tobacco-plant in the various processes of its manufacture by negro slaves. The negroes, being stimulated by a liberal compensation for labor performed beyond their allotted task, acquire great facility in the work of preparing the popular narcotic for the markets of the world. For the amusement of the visitors, the tobacconists sang a number of the songs, sacred and secular, for which they are noted in Richmond. Their vocal performances were marked by a certain rudeness and quaintness of enunciation, but their voices were sweet, and their musical instincts enabled them to blend with much harmony in the choruses. They habitually lighten their task with songs, hymns, and anthems, and negro singing is one of the sources of amusement to the citizens and visitors of the town.

The Sir Knights derived much pleasure from their inspection of the manufactories of the great staple of Virginia.

Another party of the pilgrim Knights, accompanied by the ladies from New England, and several of their Richmond friends, paid a visit to St. John's Church, the oldest in the Commonwealth. It was in this church that Patrick Henry made his thrilling appeal to arms, in the second Convention of Virginia Delegates, in March, 1775. The building has been altered and enlarged since the Revolution, and is used as a house of worship by a large congre-

gation. It is situated on Church Hill, and the visiting party were conveyed to it in omnibuses.

At the request of his Honor the Mayor of Richmond, a gentleman who is familiar with the historical associations of the place, Rev. Dr. Kepler, pastor of the church, pointed out the spot where the patriot Henry made his celebrated speech in favor of immediate war for independence; and recited the speech itself in a very effective manner. This produced a deep impression upon the company, and they felt that they were indeed in a sacred shrine. After the recitation, Sir Knight L. L. Tarbell, prelate of De Molay Encampment, repeated the Lord's Prayer, the company kneeling around him and responding. It was a solemn scene. All present were filled with emotion, and the ladies were affected to tears.

Later in the afternoon, a number of the Richmond Knights, headed by the Mayor, — a most gallant Templar, — made a second visit to the Blues' Armory. They found this place as well supplied with refreshments as at first. The "blue bowl" was yet full, and Champagne sparkled as freely from the silver cooler as if those vessels were supplied by living fountains. The tables still presented abundant temptations to the appetite, and the officers and members of the Blues were as pressing in their hospitable invitations as before.

Sir Knight Mayo formally addressed Sir Knight John M. Clarke, High Sheriff of Suffolk County, Massachusetts, in a speech replete with cordial sentiments. Sheriff Clarke replied, and his remarks were loudly applauded. He brought a charge against the city of Richmond, however, of "too much hospitality," and the Mayor of the city, Sir Knight Mayo, was tried for the offence, — not, however, before he had filed a "cross libel." The jury

acquitted both the "guilty parties," unanimously and "hilariously."

In the evening, the Sir Knights, after having enjoyed manifold hospitalities in various parts of the city, reassembled at their rendezvous, and attended a parting levee in the ball-room of the Ballard House. The Templars were favored with the company of a number of the ladies of Richmond, and the time was most agreeably spent in conversation, dancing, and listening to several presentation speeches.

The first presentation was a suit of regalia from the De Molay Encampment to the Richmond Commandery. Commander Parkman, in making the presentation, spoke as follows: —

Most Eminent Grand Commander and Sir Knights of the Richmond Commandery, Ladies and Gentlemen, — As our very pleasant visit is now about to terminate, the pleasant duty has been assigned to me to present to you a testimonial of the esteem in which we hold your efforts to render our visit a happy one. The Sir Knights of the De Molay Encampment, being desirous of appearing like one of you, have directed me to present to you this set of their regalia; and although the material thereof is perishable, the sight thereof will always remind you of the pleasant recollections which have induced its presentation. Its material may fade and crumble, but these pleasant memories of this thrice happy occasion will be ever fragrant in our hearts.

I also present you this sword. In your hand, as a true and courteous Knight, it has four additional qualities, — its hilt being endowed by Faith, its blade by Hope, its point by Charity, and the whole emblematic of Truth. While Masonry stands upon these four cardinal virtues, it must be everlasting.

Commander Gill, in behalf of his Commandery, made an eloquent and feeling reply. Calling up one of his Sir Knights, he invested him with the regalia, and assured his De Molay brothers that, whenever his Commandery held a meeting, this suit of regalia should appear among them.

This agreeable incident was followed by another. Sir Knight Rev. J. Lansing Burrows presented to D. G. Mariani, Drum-Major of Gilmore's Band, in behalf of Messrs. L. Macdonough and J. H. Sawyer of Richmond, a beautiful silver goblet. He said that, when the pilgrim Knights arrived, the Drum-Major was the first man they saw, and his stature was so great that they had not lost sight of him since. It was with pleasure that he fulfilled the request of his friends in presenting such a testimonial to one who had won the kind wishes of all who had seen him by his manly deportment.

Signor Mariani, who is an Italian, returned his thanks in a broken English speech, which was received with loud applause.

Another silver goblet was presented to Mr. Joseph C. Greene, Leader of the American Brass Band of Providence, on behalf of several of the citizens of Richmond. Sir Knight Joseph Mayo made the presentation speech, and A. O. Brewster, Esq., of Boston, responded for Mr. Greene.

Presentations had now become the order of the evening, and Commander Parkman was called upon by the ladies who accompanied the De Molay and St. John's Encampments to present to Sir Knight John H. Bosher a handsome silver goblet, and an elegant set of gold sleeve-buttons. Commander Parkman made the following address: —

Most Eminent Grand Commander, Sir Knights, Ladies and Gentlemen, — Within a few minutes there has been placed in my hands by the ladies accompanying the De Molay and St. John's Commanderies, a slight testimonial, to be presented to Sir Knight J. H. Bosher of the Richmond Commandery, as a token of their regard for his kind attentions to them while here in Richmond. We have all read of the attentions of Don Quixote to the fair sex, but Sir Knight Bosher has far excelled him in his untiring efforts, in his entire devotion and attention in anticipating the very slightest want of anything that might enhance their pleasure or enjoyment; and, my dear Sir Knight and brother, allow me in behalf of these ladies to present you this beautiful silver goblet. I cannot, in the words of our ritual, say to you, "Silver and gold I have none," for of silver I have this, and with great pleasure present it to you. When it is raised to your lips, may it be filled with libations of nectar composed of all the joys which social intercourse, sweetened by female influence, may distil. I also present to you this beautiful pair of sleeve-buttons, bearing on their face our Masonic emblems, which may always be, when within your sight, a constant reminder of the happy occasion which has induced their presentation.

Sir Knight Bosher responded briefly. He said that he had been taken entirely by surprise, and could make no other reply than to assure the ladies that their gifts should be treasured and worn with a gratitude that should last so long as his heart continued to beat.

Sir Knight John F. Regnault was presented by his New England friends with an elegant set of volumes on Masonry, as a token of their high appreciation of his character as a man and a member of the Fraternity.

Sir Knight J. Lansing Burrows read the following verses, written by Mrs. Wirt Robinson: —

PARTING ODE.

In bidding you adieu, Sir Knights,
We 'd every kind word say;
With fervent wishes for your weal,
God speed you on your way!
God bless and keep you all, Sir Knights,
And shield you everwhere:
'Neath ruined arch, in busy mart,
Protect with holy care.

In parting thus, ere mutual tryst
Had more than just begun,
Regret and sadness mar the woof
By friendship newly spun!
Of Friendship and of Memory,
Entwined with tendrils green,
Expanded, nourished, 'neath your smiles,
In hours "lang syne" you ween.

O, may you "keep the unerring line,"
"Each with his mark in view,"
Until, the "stone's contents" revealed,
You join the enlightened few:
You join the mystic brotherhood,
In the great Lodge above,
Where sits enthroned, all hallowed,
The "Architect" you love.

Our temple's fane we oped to you:
Our hearts responsive beat;
God grant the future may ignite
Perpetual Friendship sweet,
Till when our "edifice" of clay
To kindred dust returns,
'Neath the key-stone, undimmed and bright,
Its sacred ardor burns.

Sir Knight Ballard, proprietor of the Ballard House and Exchange Hotel, where the Pilgrims had been so comfortably quartered during their sojourn, addressed the company, expressing his personal thanks for their visit and his warm sympathies with the Masonic brotherhood. He then introduced to them the colored choir of the African Church of Richmond, so much celebrated for their fervent and harmonious singing of sacred melodies and anthems. The choir proceeded to sing, from printed collections, some of their best pieces, and their music was much enjoyed by the company.

The levee broke up about midnight, and the Sir Knights separated reluctantly from the fair ladies who had graced and enlivened it by their presence and conversation. Several of the Sir Knights sallied out with the bands of music, and serenaded their Richmond friends. Sir Knight Wm. B. Isaacs, one of the admirably efficient committee of arrangements for the Richmond Commandery, was serenaded by Gilmore's Band, at one o'clock, A. M. He threw open the doors of his mansion, and pressed upon the serenading party the same generous hospitality that had greeted them everywhere in Virginia.

Greene's American Band visited the residences of Wm. F. Ritchie, Esq. of the Richmond Enquirer, Rev. J. Lansing Burrows, Sir Knight Joseph Mayo, Mayor of the City, Sir Knight John H. Bosher, Sir Knight John F. Regnault, Sir Knight John T. Rogers, Companion Wirt Robinson, and Mrs. Robert Nott.

Mr. Regnault and Mr. Rogers threw open their doors, and entertained the serenaders sumptuously.

There was a dearth of sleep that night at the quarters of the pilgrims, whose departure had been fixed at six

o'clock the next morning. Some of the New England Knights disdained to seek repose from the pleasing fatigues to which they were constantly subjected by their Richmond brothers, and the signal for an early breakfast was answered by more than one who had not been guilty of an interview with Morpheus during Thursday night.

And thus ended the last day of the visit of the Knights Templars from New England in Virginia.

CHAPTER X.

Closing Scenes at Richmond. — Departure of the Pilgrims. — Visit to Mount Vernon. — Interview with the Secretary of the Interior. — Presentation to President Buchanan. — Return to Philadelphia.

At five o'clock, Friday morning, the Exchange Hotel was the scene of great bustle, caused by the active preparations of the New England Knights Templars for their departure. The Pilgrims were waited upon by their Richmond friends, who came to "speed the parting guests," in the same spirit which had characterized their efforts to render their visit an agreeable one.

Just before the summons was given for their departure, the Templars were invited to the parlor of the Exchange, where Miss Perry, daughter of Sir Knight Perry, of the Richmond Commandery, after being introduced to the ladies from New England, sat down to the piano-forte, and sang "When shall we meet again?" with such beauty of expression, and so much genuine feeling, that tears filled the eyes of all the ladies present. This was followed by "Home again!" which was performed with fine effect.

At half past five o'clock, the Encampments took up their line of march for the railroad station. The State Artillery fired a salute of thirty-four guns as they ap-

proached the Depot, and upon their arrival at that point they were invited to a parting cup of julep from one of the immense bowls that had been so much in service during their visit in Richmond. There was a great crowd about the Depot to witness the departure of the pilgrims, and, before they took their seats in the cars, a general scattering of emblems, and many exchanges of caps and other articles pertaining to the regalia or uniform of Knights Templars took place. Regrets at parting were freely and feelingly expressed, as those who remained shook hands for the last time with their New England brothers.

When the train started, cheers, loud and hearty, were given and answered, and the pilgrims, reluctantly bidding a final adieu to Richmond, were sped on their way.

A large delegation from the Richmond Commandery, accompanied the homeward bound pilgrims to Ashland. Among them were the Richmond committee of arrangements, who had devoted themselves indefatigably to the entertainment of their guests, and also Sir Knight Joseph Mayo, who, in his capacity of Mayor of Richmond, as well as a brother Templar, had been unremitting in his attentions to the visiting Knights.

When the train halted at Ashland, most of the general committee, on leave taking, were separated from the party, but a few continued the journey as far as Aquia Creek, and Sir Knight Bosher remained with them until they reached Washington.

Abandoning the railroad at Aquia Creek, the pilgrims were transferred to the steamer Mount Vernon, and proceeded up the Potomac. The weather was cloudy and somewhat rainy, but the trip was a delightful one. The showers that had fallen during the week had brought the

foliage of the country, on either bank of the river, to the highest pitch of perfection, and its luxuriance and beauty at that early season of the year were marvellous to the eyes of the Northerners.

The pilgrims desired to visit Mount Vernon on their return, but the steamer which plies between Aquia Creek and Washington being too large to approach the landing-place, the committee of arrangements for the De Molay Encampment had thoughtfully provided a smaller steamer, the T. Collyer, to receive the company when they arrived at a point opposite that spot, and transfer them to the shore. It was near the middle of the afternoon when the boat reached the home of Washington.

On landing at the wharf, the Sir Knights formed a column, double file, and marched to the sounds of mournful music over the dilapidated plank foot-path which leads from the river beach, up through a ravine, to the tomb that holds the sacred remains of the "father of his country." The spirit of melancholy seemed to brood over the spot. The trees were dripping with moisture, that fell from the weeping skies, and the tree-frogs blended their plaintive cries with the dead march played by the band. Arrived at the tomb, the Sir Knights stood before it with uncovered heads, while the bands played appropriate dirges. But few of the company had ever before visited this sacred spot, and the hearts of all were filled with sadness as they gazed through the iron grating upon the marble sarcophagus which holds the precious deposit of Washington's dust.

The brick walls of the tomb are crumbling, its roof is covered with wild vines, weeds, and shrubs, some of which have grown to the size of small trees, and neglect and decay are visible in and around it. From this spot they

proceeded to the mansion which was the homestead of the great man.

With no hand of kindred or posterity to repair the ravages of remorseless Time upon the building which once was the loved resting-place and home of Washington, it has fallen into a miserably dilapidated condition. And the same evil genius seems to brood over all the appurtenances and dependencies of this once proud mansion. The negro quarters and other outbuildings, the fences, the garden, and the grounds, have all suffered from ungrateful neglect.

The pilgrims to this shrine of patriotism were profoundly impressed by the desolation of Mount Vernon. It is not the sublime desolation that hangs over the ruins of ancient cities, whose founders and all the generations of their descendants have passed from the earth, but it is a desolateness which has been permitted to creep over the holiest mementos of the most revered of the patriotic men who founded this happy and free country, even while every year our increasing prosperity has added a deeper shade to our ingratitude to his memory.

The tomb and home of Washington seem the more desolate, from the natural beauty of their site and the surrounding landscape. The lovely and smiling aspect of Nature, who invites, with every assurance of her own aid, the recreant sons of the Father of his Country, to restore his homestead to its pristine beauty, is an eloquent though silent reproach of their long neglect of duty.

The noble work of rescuing this holy ground from neglect and desecration was more highly appreciated than ever by the visiting Knights, and they rejoiced in the thought that it would soon be completed.

After inspecting the mansion, its quaint and elaborate

architecture, and the various relics of him who once inhabited it, and purchasing a few of the canes which the negroes furnish so plentifully to all comers, the party returned to the boat. Halting at the tomb on their way, the ladies strewed upon the sarcophagus a great quantity of flowers, which had been presented to them for this purpose by their Richmond friends. When this floral tribute had been paid, the company bade adieu to Mount Vernon, and re-embarked upon the steamer for Washington.

Leaving behind them Mount Vernon, with its picturesque scenery, its luxuriant groves and green fields, its rank weeds and dilapidated buildings and fences, its crumbling repository of the dust of him whose life and character and deeds have rendered immortal the name of this, the spot where he last lived and where he died, the pilgrims pursued their way to the great city which bears his own illustrious name, and fulfils the offices of the capital of the nation.

They arrived in Washington at about six o'clock, and were soon comfortably quartered at the National Hotel, under the care of Messrs. Tenney & Co., who with their assistants seemed determined they should forget all the regrets they experienced on leaving Richmond, and all the sadness they felt at witnessing the desolation of Mount Vernon.

At eight o'clock, a supper prepared for the delectation of the Sir Knights was eaten, and at nine o'clock the Encampments visited by invitation the mansion of the Hon. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior. The Honorable Secretary gave the Sir Knights a cordial reception, and in his parlors they passed an hour agreeably, in conversation with Mr. Thompson and his friends,

enjoying his elegant hospitality, and listening to the music of Gilmore's Band.

After their return to their quarters, the bands played several fine pieces, and when they had retired, the dreams of the pilgrims were sweetened by a serenade from Withers's Band, of Washington.

On Saturday morning, the Templars were abroad early, and many of them completed their inspection of the public buildings of the capital. At eleven o'clock they assumed the full regalia of the Order, and after a dress parade in front of the National Hotel, they were met by the Washington Commandery, B. B. French, E. G. Commander. The column of Sir Knights then took up their line of march toward the White House, the President having extended an invitation to them to visit him in the Presidential Mansion.

On their arrival, the Sir Knights entered the East Room, and were formed in double lines, around three sides of the room, and awaited the entrance of the chief magistrate. When President Buchanan entered the room, he was received with a salute by the assembled Knights, and the band played a national air.

Commander B. B. French then addressed the President in the following language : —

Mr. President, — I have the honor, sir, and pleasure, to present to you, in behalf of the Washington Commandery of Knights Templars, the De Molay Encampment of the city of Boston, and the St. John's Commandery of Knights Templars of the city of Providence.

These men, sir, are a fair specimen of Knights Templars throughout the world ; and it gives me pleasure to present them. They are here on their return from Richmond, where they have been partaking of the hospitalities, courtesies, and

kindnesses of their brethren in Richmond, who are so far-famed for such hospitality. They have been there, sir, to clasp the hands of their brethren, and give them the strong grip of brotherly affection, — that affection which I trust, indeed I know, is mingled with that love of the Union and the Constitution which should burn in the bosom of every true patriot.

I regard this hour as one of the happiest of my life, when I stand here in the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and present to him these men, good and true, who come from the cold winds, yet warm hearts, of my own beloved New England.

To these introductory remarks President Buchanan replied as follows: —

I am rejoiced to see the Sir Knights in the Executive Mansion of the country. I am always rejoiced to find a large and respectable portion of our countrymen from the North visiting the South. They have partaken of Southern hospitality at Richmond, and if they went to Richmond with any prejudices against the South, I feel confident that they must have been removed by their intercourse with that warm-hearted and generous people. I am confident that the cold winds of the North, to which you have alluded, have not chilled the hearts of these noble Sir Knights; and though they may not be called upon to defend the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, as had the Knights Templars of old to do, yet I have no doubt that they will be ready to defend what is equally valuable, the Constitution and Union of the country, — not with their swords, but with their moral influence, and with the strength and power of their example. [Applause.] The Union is indeed the most precious legacy left to us by our ancestors, — the most precious legacy that ever any people enjoyed.

The race of Revolutionary patriots and heroes has passed away; that sacred deposit is committed to the men of the present generation; and I trust that every man, individually, will make it a matter of conscience and of pride, to exert all

just influence to perpetnate our glorious institutions, and to preserve the Constitution and the Union for generations to come. [Applause.]

I thank you all, gentlemen, for the honor of this visit, and shall be very happy to clasp the hands of each one of you.

The officers of the Encampments were then formally introduced to the President, and the Sir Knights filed past him, and were each presented in due form. The ladies — wives and daughters of the Templars, who had accompanied them on their pilgrimage — were also presented to Mr. Buchanan, who received them graciously.

While this scene was transpiring, the bands performed several national airs, and after the ceremony of introduction was over, Sir Knight J. B. Borden of the St. John's Encampment sang the "Star-spangled Banner" with fine effect, the Providence Band playing an accompaniment to the song.

The President then retired, having been apparently much gratified by the interview.

The Templars returned to their hotel, and sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared expressly for them. The officers of the Washington Commandery were present, as invited guests, and the hour allowed the pilgrims before their departure was well improved in discussing the meal, and interchanging congratulations and friendly sentiments with their Washington brethren. Impromptu speeches were made by Commanders Parkman, French, and Barker, and Rev. W. D. Haley, Sir Knight, of Washington.

Commander Parkman complimented the Washington Commandery in well-chosen terms, and Commander B. B. French made a fitting response.

Commander Barker made a few felicitous remarks, concluding with a sentiment in honor of the ladies.

Rev. Mr. Haley being called upon to speak in behalf of the ladies, he responded in a manner that called forth rounds of applause.

The Sir Knights were compelled to leave the festive board and take passage in the three o'clock train for Philadelphia. They bade adieu to their Washington friends with reluctance, and in due time were on the road to Baltimore, with hearts full of grateful recollections of their Southern pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XI.

The Pilgrims in the Quaker City. — Return to New York. — A Night upon Long Island Sound. — Reception in Providence.

The pilgrim Knights arrived in Philadelphia at half past ten o'clock, on Saturday evening, in fine spirits. The De Molay Encampment proceeded to the Girard Hotel, where quarters had been engaged by their committee of arrangements, and were soon made exceedingly comfortable. The St. John's Encampment found excellent quarters at the American Hotel, where the committee had also secured accommodations in advance of their arrival.

The Regalia of both Encampments had been packed up in Washington, not to be again used until their arrival in Providence. The Sir Knights now began to feel the magnetic attraction of home, a force which had but little effect upon them while they remained within the circle of Richmond influences, but which grew stronger in direct ratio as the distance was lessened between them and Providence and Boston. Having broken the bands of their "captivity" in Virginia, they felt a strong desire to meet their brothers at home, and recount to them the experiences of their pilgrimage. They were laden with

reminiscences, whose rehearsal they knew would afford to their friends in some degree the pleasure they had themselves enjoyed. Each had his stock of personal anecdotes to relate, in addition to the public demonstrations in which all participated alike.

The banquets and festivals of various kinds, given in their honor, were feasts of fat things. While the senses were regaled, the mind was delighted with the elimination of patriotic and social sentiments which move the heart, and wit and humor that animate the soul. Of course, the simple record of speeches and toasts cannot give the reader an idea of what was really done and said and enjoyed by the company at the feast. There are a thousand flashes of wit, and manifestations of feeling, as evanescent as lightning or the topmost sparkles of the overflowing wine-cup, which leave an indelible impression on the memory, but cannot be recorded. With their hearts full of these, and of the richer and better experiences they had enjoyed in the households of their Southern friends, the pilgrims were returning, not unwillingly, at this stage of their journey at least, to impart to their brethren and friends, in familiar conversation, some idea of the height, breadth, and depth of the fraternal kindness and hospitality of Virginians.

Sunday was a welcome day of rest, and its tranquillity in the Quaker city was highly enjoyed by the Templars. They attended Divine service in various churches, and were edified by the ministrations of some of the most eloquent pulpit orators in Philadelphia.

The new Masonic Temple on Chestnut Street, the finest building of the kind in America, and perhaps in the world, was thrown open during the day for the inspection of the visiting Knights, and they spent some time in

admiring its manifold beauties. The entire establishment cost three hundred thousand dollars, and in its various departments it presents a wonderful specimen of the art of architectural decoration. The frescoing and draperies of the halls of the Blue Lodge, the Chapter, the Encampment, and the Grand Lodge, are marvellously beautiful, and at the same time most appropriate to the Masonic institution. The Encampment is a fac-simile of the tent-room of the Knights of Rhodes, as described by Sir Walter Scott. This grand temple of Masonry is justly the pride of the fraternity in Philadelphia. In all its halls and apartments there reigns a solemn beauty, or a beautiful solemnity, entirely consonant with the spirit and principles of the Order to which it is dedicated.

The Sir Knights met, individually, many of their brethren of the mystic tie, but there was no opportunity for public demonstrations between them. They enjoyed, however, in private, many warm congratulations upon the success of their pilgrimage, and kind wishes for their safe return to their homes.

On Monday morning, the pilgrims bade adieu to Philadelphia, and took the cars for New York. The trip through New Jersey was a delightful one. The weather was brilliant. The fields and gardens looked much fresher and more luxuriant than they did upon the outward trip of the company. All Nature seemed to smile upon New Jersey.

New York was reached in due time, and the Knights dined, informally, at the Astor House. They met at five o'clock on board the steamer of the Stonington line, and continued their journey. Their passage through Long Island Sound was a remarkably pleasant one. The water was as placid as an inland lake, and as the day faded into

twilight, and the twilight gave place to starlight, while the steamer was rapidly speeding them homeward, the thrilling music of the bands cheered and enlivened the hearts of the company.

At half past nine o'clock, a convocation of Templars was called in the lower cabin of the boat, and Sir Knight S. D. Nickerson presented, in behalf of De Molay Encampment, a handsome silver goblet, containing fifty dollars in gold coin, to P. S. Gilmore, Leader of Gilmore's Band. The presenter said, that this was intended as a testimonial to Mr. Gilmore's professional skill, and also to the correct and gentlemanly deportment of himself and his band, which had reflected credit upon themselves and upon the Sir Knights who had employed them during this excursion. They had deported themselves with dignity and decorum, and had always responded cheerfully to the frequent calls for their services by day or night. He asked Mr. Gilmore to accept the present, with the best wishes of the De Molay Encampment for the health and prosperity of himself and his band.

Mr. Gilmore returned his thanks with much feeling, and his friends of the Providence Band played "Auld Lang Syne," and several other airs. The goblet presented to Mr. Gilmore bears the following inscription: — "Presented to P. S. Gilmore, by the members of the De Molay Encampment of Knights Templars, to commemorate their appreciation of his courteous and obliging disposition, as displayed upon the occasion of their visit to Richmond, Virginia, May, 1859."

After the presentation, the Sir Knights were requested by Commander Parkman to pay their respects to Sir Knight Crozier, Commander of the Palestine Encampment, Knights Templars, of New York, who had sent on

board the boat certain baskets of a popular sparkling beverage. The health of Sir Knight Crozier was drunk with enthusiasm, and brief speeches were made by Sir Knights Lewis, Flint, Stimson, Fowle, and Damrell, of Boston, and Hart of the Palestine Encampment, New York. After this pleasant reunion, the Templars retired to their state-rooms.

The steamer arrived at Stonington at the usual hour, one o'clock; but by a convenient, wise, and humane arrangement of their committee, the Sir Knights were not called from their berths to take the steamboat train. They enjoyed their slumbers until sunrise, and then took breakfast on board the steamer. The morning was a brilliant one, and many of the Pilgrims strolled through the quiet streets of Stonington, inhaling the delicious atmosphere, an hour before their departure for Providence.

At half past six o'clock, the bands played a parting tune, and the company took their seats in the cars, and were whirled along through smiling fields and groves to the city of Providence. On reaching that city, they found its population in a state of unusual excitement. As the train approached the Depot, the Marine Corps of Artillery, stationed near it, fired a salute of welcome, which shook the surrounding buildings, and scattered loud reverberations far and wide.

The Encampments were immediately conducted to the large hall of the Depot, where cooling refreshments were in readiness, and where they put on their regalia, preparatory to a reception and parade to which they had been invited by the Masonic brethren of Providence, whose committee were in waiting on their arrival. The armory of the National Cadets, adjoining Railroad Hall,

was placed at the disposal of the De Molay Encampment.

After the returning Pilgrims were dusted, washed, and refreshed, and had arrayed themselves in full regalia, they were marshalled forth to Exchange Place, where they were received in military style by the Masons, who numbered nearly four hundred. Exchange Place was in a blaze of excitement, and the city generally presented a holiday appearance. The streets through which the procession was to move were lined with spectators, a large proportion of whom were ladies. Flags were suspended in conspicuous places, and several of the large buildings were dressed in bunting. The "What Cheer" building was handsomely decorated, and bore the inscription, —

"Welcome, Knights of Massachusetts and Rhode Island!"

The Arcade, which afforded a favorable point of observation of the procession from its terraces, was crowded with ladies, and looked like a bed of roses. Several other buildings presented a rich display of female beauty.

When the reception ceremony was over, the Masons and Knights Templars formed into a marching column, and passed through the principal streets. The Masons were headed by Gilmore's Band of Pawtucket, and Colonel Nicholas Van Slyck acted as chief marshal.

The procession moved through Canal Street to Market Square, thence through North Main, Meeting, Benefit, Power, South Main, Broad, High, and Westminster Streets, into Dorrance Street, to Swart's Hall. Multitudes of admiring spectators filled the sidewalks and the windows along the entire route, and the utmost interest was manifested in the beautiful and unusual display.

One of the most interesting features of the procession was a number of tandem carriages occupied by aged and venerable members of the Masonic fraternity. Following in the rear was a company of juveniles, dressed in complete military uniform, who performed correctly the ordinary military evolutions. Swart's Hall was gayly and tastefully adorned with bunting, evergreens, flowers, and Masonic emblems. The galleries were filled with ladies, many of whom were wives and relatives of the members of St. John's Encampment, assembled to witness the festival in honor of their return.

Tables were ranged around the hall, loaded with every comestable that could tempt the appetite of a pilgrim, and in the centre of the hall was a "centre table," on which were spread a variety of cooling beverages, eminently fitted to assuage the thirst of such as had been engaged in a military march.

When the Templars had entered the Hall, and the bands had played some introductory pieces, Thomas A. Doyle, Esq., Chairman of the Masonic Committee of Arrangements, addressed Commander Barker, of St. John's Encampment, as follows: —

Most Eminent Commander, — It is my pleasant duty, on the part of the Masonic fraternity of Providence, to bid you welcome home, and in their name to extend to our brethren of De Molay Encampment a cordial greeting to our city. We, who were obliged to remain at home, have read over and over again the glowing accounts which have come to us of the incidents connected with your trip, and are compelled to believe that they after all convey but a slight impression of the realities of the journey.

Never, sir, has a body of men been so elegantly, so munificently entertained; all that taste or refinement could devise, or wealth procure, has been lavished upon you. Profusion

has marked your progress, and it has seemed as if there really was danger that you might be killed with kindness. The measure meted by De Molays and St. Johns to the Knights of Virginia has indeed been returned to you, "pressed down, shaken together, and running over." Never did a band of Knights, in the brightest days of chivalry, on any tour of pilgrimage, find warmer hands or more loving hearts than you have found among your brethren, and never did Knights of old get sweeter smiles from women's lips, or brighter glances from their eyes, than have fallen to your share, from the ladies of the South.

The hospitality of Virginia! Who that has ever heard of her, has not heard of that? Famous in the olden time, her children of the present have proved worthy of their sires, and now in every portion of our land the name of the mother of statesmen and heroes is being sounded with new praises, and a new lustre brightening her escutcheon.

Noble Virginia! knowing no section, no North or South, come from whatsoever quarter the stranger may, her homes are ready to receive him, her hands ready to welcome him. How could it be otherwise? The State that gave birth to Washington can never be unfaithful to her trust. And, sir, for what they have done unto you, we thank them; — as citizens of Rhode Island we thank them, and as Masons, in the name of Masons, we thank them. Let the obligations we feel bind us still stronger to each other, still stronger to our country, to Masonry.

Sir Knights of De Molay Encampment, you are not strangers in a strange land, but pilgrims, passing to your homes through a country conquered by you, and brought under full subjection, two years since. We rejoice at this opportunity to prove ourselves still loyal. Your limited stay with us prevented such an entertainment as we desired and deemed worthy of the occasion; to this simple refreshment, therefore, true and courteous Knights, we invite you.

Your own State has compressed ours so tightly as to leave us but little territory to speak of, and is even now endeavor-

ing to obtain a part of that little; yet in our first days, with true sisterly kindness, she gave us Roger Williams, and in consideration of that, for all her offences since we pardon her, and to prove the sincerity of our forgiveness, we bid you come again when you will; only stay long enough to put our professions to the test, and you shall not find us wanting.

But I have detained you too long; it was but my duty to say the word of welcome, which I again do. Welcome, Sir Knights, thrice welcome to Providence, to your homes.

Commander Barker introduced Commander Parkman, of De Molay Encampment, and that eminent Sir Knight responded happily, in a pleasant speech, wherein he recounted some of the scenes witnessed by the pilgrims in Virginia, and the adventures they had passed through. He paid a hearty compliment to the hospitality of the Virginians, and the attractiveness of their ladies.

Commander Barker returned his thanks to the committee of arrangements, and through them to the Masonic brethren of Providence, for the generous and hospitable reception they had given the returning pilgrims. He called upon Grand Master Lewis, and that most eminent Sir Knight replied in a brief speech, full of cordial fraternal sentiments towards the brethren of the mystic tie in Providence, by whom the Templars had been so warmly welcomed. He also extolled in the warmest terms the hospitality of the "Old Dominion." He said, every card in the pack there is a trump, — every man a true gentleman, and every lady an excellent woman. He said, their pilgrimage was about ending, and he did not believe that, if it were to last ten years, any one of the Knights would ask a remission from the Most Eminent Grand Commander. In conclusion he gave this sentiment: —

Knights Templars in Massachusetts and Rhode Island: They were born almost at the same time; they have never been divided; may they ever be, like the Siamese twins, one and inseparable.

The Grand Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Carpenter of Providence, then asked a blessing on the feast, and the Sir Knights regaled themselves upon the delicacies spread before them.

Upon the platform occupied by the officers of the Encampments and the committee of arrangements sat Mr. Moses B. Richardson, who is regarded by the Masonic brethren with a tender respect amounting almost to veneration, from the fact, that when, during the famous Anti-masonic excitement, the Legislature of Rhode Island commanded all Masonic Lodges in that State to surrender their charters, he saved and preserved the charter of St. John's Encampment. Mr. Richardson is eighty-five years old, and when a beautiful wreath, presented by a lady, was placed upon his head as he sat upon the platform, the contrast between the fresh and tender flowers and his hair, whitened with age, was touching to behold.

The Sir Knights arrived in the hall at half past eleven o'clock, and remained until about one o'clock. Just before their departure, his Excellency Governor Dyer, Chief Magistrate of Rhode Island, entered the hall, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause. He made a brief speech from the platform, expressing his gratification at the late intermingling of fraternal feeling between the Sir Knights of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Virginia. He welcomed the return of the New England Pilgrims, and wished the De Molay Encampment a safe journey on their return home.

The ladies in the galleries looked down upon the festiv-

ities in the hall with interest, and the eyes of many of the fair throng sparkled with peculiar pleasure as they witnessed the return of their husbands from their two weeks' pilgrimage.

At one o'clock the Encampments returned to the Depot, where a general fraternization took place between them, previous to the departure of the De Molays for Boston, at two o'clock.

CHAPTER XII.

Return of the De Molay Encampment. — Reception of the Pilgrims at Roxbury by the Boston Encampment. — Grand Parade in Boston. — Festival in Nassau Hall.

The Knights Templars marched from Swart's Hall to the Depot to the music of "Carry me back to Old Virginia," and each one of the De Molays bore a handsome bouquet, presented by the ladies of Providence. A special train had been provided by the Committee, to start towards Boston at two o'clock, and the Boston Sir Knights at that hour parted from their brother pilgrims of the St. John's Encampment with many a hearty grip of the hand, and kind farewell greeting.

A great multitude assembled to witness the departure, and when the train left the Depot, the air was rent with cheers from both Encampments and from the spectators of the scene.

The train reached Roxbury Crossing about four o'clock, and a committee conducted the Sir Knights of De Molay to the Norfolk House, where the Boston Encampment were waiting to receive the returning pilgrims.

The Boston Encampment, Wm. Ellison, M. E. Grand Commander, numbered nearly two hundred Knights, dressed in full regalia. They were accompanied by

Hall's Brass Band, and their appearance was in every way worthy of the noble Order to which they belong, and whose fraternal principles they illustrated in the happiest manner on this occasion.

A large throng of spectators was gathered in Eliot Square, to witness the reception of the De Molay Encampment, and they received the Templars with shouts of welcome. After the formal reception had taken place, the Templars formed a marching column, and the De Molays were escorted by the Boston Encampment over Roxbury Neck to Boston.

The line of march was through Dudley and Washington Streets, to Boston; then through Washington and Davis Streets to Harrison Avenue, down Harrison Avenue to Essex Street, into Washington Street, down Washington Street to Court Street, up Court to Tremont Street, and through Tremont Street to Common Street, into Nassua Hall.

The knightly procession made a beautiful and imposing display, as it moved through the principal streets under the gaze of tens of thousands of the citizens, whose countenances glowed with pride as they looked upon this exhibition of what they evidently considered the flower of Massachusetts Masonry. For hours before the procession arrived, every street corner and other available locality was thronged by eager crowds, impatient to see the returned pilgrims and their brethren. A large force of Boston police had been detailed to accompany the procession from Roxbury through the entire route, to preserve order and prevent any interruption of the march. So great was the crowd at some points, that their services were found indispensable in clearing a passage for the Sir Knights.

As the column marched along, to the sound of the inspiring music of the bands, there were incessant demonstrations of delight at the safe return of the Pilgrims. Handkerchiefs were waved from windows, and personal greetings from full hearts, all along the lines of spectators, saluted the Sir Knights of De Molay. Thousands of the lookers-on envied them the rich experiences of their pilgrimage, and other thousands scrutinized them curiously, to see how men would look who had enjoyed such pleasures in a Southern State as had been described in the public prints during their sojourn in Richmond. Warriors returning from a brilliant campaign, decked with laurels, could hardly have excited more interest and been looked upon with greater admiration, or received with more abundant tokens of respect, than were these Knights, who had so worthily represented their native city and State in a distant city and State of our great confederacy.

When they arrived at Nassau Hall, the pilgrims removed their regalia and the dust of travel, and after a season spent in an exchange of greetings and congratulations with their brothers of the Boston Encampment, they were ushered into an upper hall, where an elegant and bountiful repast was spread before them.

The company was called to order by Commander Ellison, of the Boston Encampment, and the Prelate, Rev. William R. Alger, offered a prayer appropriate to the occasion.

The Sir Knights then proceeded to refresh themselves by partaking of the luxuries with which the hospitable board was crowned. A vigorous attack was made upon the feast, but the supply proved inexhaustible, and they were at length compelled to desist. They drew off their forces in good order, and gave their attention to the intellectual entertainment which followed the banquet.

Commander Ellison first addressed the Sir Knights. He said: —

Sir Knights of the De Molay Encampment, — After your return from a journey which from its length must have been necessarily quite fatigning, it would ill become me to trespass upon your time and patience with anything like a set speech. As Commander of the Boston Encampment, it is, however, my duty, as well as my pleasure, to bid you a cordial welcome back to your homes, your families, and your friends. It is well known that your journey and your visit in Richmond have been a series of ovations; and while such a state of things could not fail to afford us and yourselves great delight, what else could have been expected from a land which gave birth to Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and numerous other eminent men, whose names adorn the pages of our country's history?

The kindness shown you by your entertainers in Virginia is felt as a compliment to us, as well as to you. The reception you have met with in Richmond, during the past week, has reduced our hearts to perpetual bondage to our friends there, and I am afraid we can never prove ourselves sufficiently grateful for the kindness bestowed upon you as Sir Knights and New-Englanders. God bless the noble Knights of Richmond! We can never forget them.

This interchange of knightly courtesies between members of the same Order, from all parts of a common country, has a further and deeper and better effect than the enjoyment of a few passing hours of pleasure. It makes men better Masons, better husbands and fathers, better members of society, better men, and serves to strengthen the great fabric through the existence and safety and permanency of which we enjoy all the blessings of a free, mighty, and united people. Our Masonic ritual teaches us to look upon those of the South as brothers, whom we are not to meet with jealousies and heart-burnings, but "with the timbrel and the song." This interchange of knightly courtesies, in which you have participated,

and which you so much enjoyed, will not only tend to give vitality and perpetuity to our social and political interests, but an additional benefit is exhibited in bringing around the festive board the members of the De Molay and the Boston Encampments. This occasion is an oasis in Free Masonry, — not an oasis in the desert, for there is no desert, no waste place, in this holy fraternity, no spot unsanctified by the noblest sentiments. The office of Masonry is a high and noble one, and we cannot fail to rejoice in such an evidence as this that it is fulfilling its mission, and that the onward progress of the institution is peaceful and happy.

Sir Knights, again I bid you welcome! and most heartily do I congratulate you on your safe return to your families, your friends, and your homes.

Commander Ellison was loudly applauded during the delivery of his address.

M. E. Grand Commander Parkman, of the De Molay Encampment responded substantially as follows: —

Most Eminent Commander and Sir Knights, — I must confess my inability to find words adequate to express the sentiments and portray the feelings of my heart, and of the hearts of the Knights of the De Molay Encampment, on this occasion, although I have been called upon so often during our pilgrimage to speak in behalf of the De Molays, that even a new beginner, as I was, should have learned something of the art of public speaking. I cannot find language to thank you in appropriate terms for this kind, this glorious welcome.

During our visit to Virginia, we have met, I can assure you, the most kind and cordial welcome from our brother Sir Knights, and from all the citizens of the Old Dominion with whom we were brought in contact. No language of mine can describe to you the glorious reception we met with everywhere on our pilgrimage. Governor Wise received us with a speech such as he only can make, which was full of the generous feeling of a Virginian. You have all heard of Virginia

hospitality; but none can really know what that is until he stands upon their soil, and sees and experiences it. Notwithstanding we came from Massachusetts, we were made to feel it in its broadest and fullest extent.

We did not go there as delegates to a convention, but we went to kindle anew the fires of patriotism and brotherly love that first blazed upward on this continent, in Massachusetts and Virginia; and I conceive that we have been the humble instruments of sowing the seeds of a conservative influence, which strengthen the common bond which binds together the hearts of true men in the North and the South.

My feelings to-day are the proudest I have experienced since I became connected with Free-Masonry, for I am sure that the principles of the fraternity of Masons will exercise an influence — not a political influence, but something higher than that — which shall tend to preserve and strengthen the bonds which unite our great fraternity of States.

And now, Sir Knights, that we have returned to our homes, we meet the greatest kindness of all, and we have to thank you most sincerely for this crowning joy of our pilgrimage, this glorious reunion of the Boston and the De Molay Encampments.

Hearty applause followed this speech of Commander Parkman. Sir Knight William B. Hubbard, of Columbus, Ohio, Grand Commander of the Grand Encampment of the United States, was introduced amid great applause, and said: —

Sir Knights of Boston and De Molay Encampments, — I thank you for your kind call and greeting. Being in this city for the transaction of private business, I have delayed at all hazards my return home, in order to witness the display of this occasion, and meet my worthy fellow-Knights of Boston. I believe that I do no discredit to others when I affirm, that the Sir Knights of the two Encampments of Boston are among the first and foremost in this country, and I say this with all the

experience I possess as Grand Commander of the Grand Encampment. To be with you at this hour is a pleasure almost inexpressible.

I have arrived at such an age that I cannot expect ever to address you again in the official capacity I now hold; and let me say, that you are hardly aware of the influence you possess in upholding the right, and in repressing dissensions that might be injurious to our great commonwealth of States. I am proud that I was born of New England parentage, for the Free-Masonry of the United States had its nursery in New England. I have been a Mason during almost my whole life, and am proud to say that I have never wavered in my unswerving fidelity to Masonry.

It was the influence of the older States, where Masonry in this country first took root, that caused the whole to be combined as a unit, and in feeling, as in fact, to march shoulder to shoulder in the cause of right and truth. So may we go through life, and so may we die, — raising up a host to the Almighty, in which may be found all our blessed Order!

On previous occasions, when it was appropriate, I have expressed the firm belief that Boston should be the headquarters of the grand army of the Knights Templars. I have done so for various reasons which it would not be appropriate to discuss now. But one of the reasons is, that here are to be found such worthy exemplars of Knight-Templarism as the Boston and De Molay Encampments. The invariable loyalty and integrity of your two Encampments give you to enjoy an influence, I assure you, far beyond your present appreciation. And this influence gives you a high duty to perform, and that duty is of high importance to the welfare of the Order. Love of country, Sir Knights, was always considered one of the great means of consolidating the Union, and I believe that love of country predominates in the heart of every Mason. I have never yet found among Masons the man that had one breath of disunion in his soul.

During my long Masonic life, I have sought diligently to build up Masonry, because I knew its principles were sacred;

and it is one of my proudest boasts, that while, in the reign of fanaticism and bitter animosity, others may have deserted its banner, I remained steadfast.

In conclusion, Sir Knights, permit me to invite you to wait upon me at my home in Columbus, Ohio. I should be most happy to greet you there; I have a large house, and I will assure you that I have also plenty of obliging and hospitable neighbors. Come there, Sir Knights, and I will, to the best of my power, reciprocate your kindness.

The speech of the General Grand Commander was listened to with deep interest and much gratification, and the speaker sat down amid loud cheering.

Sir Knight Wyzeman Marshall then read the following original poem of welcome to the De Molays, written by Sir Knight John K. Hall.

RETURN OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS FROM RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, MAY 24, 1859.

Welcome to your homes once more,
Sir Knights, who from our Southern shore
Bear back to us what erst of yore
Bound us both heart and hand.
That friendship which should bind the twain,
Both North and South, in one strong chain,
Unbroken may it e'er remain
Around our native land.

Virginia's greeting, borne by thee,
Shall ever consecrated be,
And in our hearts enshrined will we
Her memory ever keep.
Our band of brothers, firm and true,
Shall put to shame the trait'rous few
Who shed disunion's baneful dew,
'Mid graves where patriots sleep.

Old Massachusetts still shall prove
A worthy son of him we love,
Whose spirit, from the Lodge above,
Well pleased that scene might view,
Where North with South stood hand in hand,
Upon that spot of his dear land,
Where he so oft met with our band
Of brothers tried and true.

And in that name to Masons dear,
Of Washington, may we revere
His virtues, — then we need not fear
But we our land will save.
For heart with heart each other's rights,
Richmond and Boston by true Knights
Shall be upheld, till Bunker's heights
Sink in old Ocean's wave.

Sir Knight Rev. William R. Alger, Prelate of the Boston Encampment, was the next speaker introduced. He said: —

Most Eminent Commander and Sir Knights, — I believe that our Commanders have the right to say to each brother in our Order, "Go here," or "Go there," and they should be obeyed. From a sense of duty, I am ready to obey implicitly. I think this is a most joyous hour for the Boston Encampment, when it thus receives the brethren of the De Molay Encampment on their return from a pilgrimage which has reflected so much credit upon our Order. May we forever continue to let our hearts thus flow together in the common sentiments of Masonry and Knighthood, — sentiments dear to us all. This is a glorious and memorable occasion. We may never look upon its like again. Could there be a reality corresponding to this, I would indeed wish that there might be "six Richmonds in the field."

Our friends of the De Molay Encampment went down to Richmond, not to conquer enemies, but to overcome the love of brethren.

The Reverend Prelate in eloquent language set forth the beauties of Masonic principles, and alluded to Louis Kossuth, the Masonic connections he formed in this country, and the mission in which he is now engaged in reference to the freedom of Hungary and Italy. He said that when Kossuth was in this country, he had been presented with a lock of hair of the revered Washington, and with a cannon-ball used by General Jackson at New Orleans. These might now very fitly serve him as companions, for while one would inspire him with a pure and holy devotion, the other would nerve him to send death into the ranks of the enemies of freedom.

When the applause that followed Sir Knight Alger's remarks had subsided, M. W. John T. Heard, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, was called up, and he expressed briefly, but eloquently and emphatically, his cordial interest in the occasion, and most heartily welcomed the De Molay Encampment on their return from Virginia.

The presiding Grand Commander, Ellison, remarked, that during the absence of the De Molay Encampment the Knighthood had increased largely, and they had now the pleasure of numbering among them the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth. It gave him unfeigned satisfaction to know that Sir Knight N. P. Banks, Governor of Massachusetts, was present on this occasion, and that he might have the pleasure of introducing him to the company.

Governor Banks, on rising to respond to the call of

Commander Ellison, was greeted with hearty applause. He said: —

Most Eminent Commander and Sir Knights of the Boston and De Molay Encampments, — I did not expect to be called upon to express the gratification it affords me to be present on this occasion. But I make my acknowledgments with unfeigned pleasure. I am glad to be present at this time, and to welcome home those who represented us lately in a distant part of the Union, in the interchange of brotherly greetings.

Without brotherhood there is but little to be desired or be proud of in this world. It knits us all together. It is a more powerful bond of union than the commerce of the seas or the iron bands of the railroad. All honor to Virginia for her hospitable kindness to our brethren, and all honor to the De Molays for having deserved it! We should be glad to reciprocate her hospitality to these pilgrims just returned from her borders, but I doubt whether we could do it in the fulness it deserves.

It gives me pleasure also to say that the visiting Knights have done honor to Massachusetts on their late pilgrimage to Virginia. They were entrusted with the honor of our State, and nobly have they guarded it. Massachusetts and Virginia are twins in historic and patriotic fame. Their history is the history of the foundation of this great republic, and it is meet that they should shake hands and salute each other with brotherly greetings. The sterling patriotism of Virginia is known to all men, and Massachusetts will be true to the lessons of patriotism, and behind no other State in her love of independence, liberty, and the national Union.

The remarks of Sir Knight Banks were enthusiastically received.

Sir Knight General John S. Tyler of the De Molay Encampment was called upon, and in responding paid a

warm compliment to the ladies of Richmond. This allusion to the ladies was greeted by the De Molays with three vehement cheers. He closed with the following: —

The Ladies of Richmond: Although the clouds and rain prevailed while we were there, the smiles of the ladies made perpetual sunshine.

Sir Knight Winslow Lewis, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, was called upon to speak in behalf of the ladies of Richmond, and he responded in strains of eloquence and wit that elicited frequent and hearty applause.

Sir Knight Charles Levi Woodbury and others followed with speeches eloquent and appropriate, of which no record was made.

The festival closed at a seasonable hour, and the Sir Knights of De Molay retired to their homes, with grateful recollections of their pilgrimage to Virginia, so auspiciously begun, so successfully prosecuted, and so happily ended.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

A LIST OF THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF RICHMOND COMMANDERY, NO. 2, K. T., JUNE 1, 1859.

OFFICERS.

*SIR E. H. GILL, *E. Commander, and G. Commander of the Grand Encampment of Virginia.*
" R. O. HASKINS, *Generalissimo.*
* " J. F. REGNAULT, *Captain-General.*
* " T. H. DE WITT, *Prelate.*
" WM. ALLEN, *Senior Warden.*
" J. C. PAGE, JR., *Junior Warden.*
" A. B. ARCHER, *Warder.*
* " WM. J. RIDDICK, *Recorder.*
" T. W. DUDLEY, *Treasurer.*
* " J. H. HACKETT, *Standard-Bearer.*
* " W. T. ALLEN, *Sword-Bearer.*
" E. SEMON, *Steward and Sentinel.*

PAST GRAND COMMANDERS.

E. Sir John Dove, William B. Isaacs, E. H. Gill.

* The stars in this list indicate the names of the Sir Knights who visited Boston in June, 1858.

SIR KNIGHTS.

Sir Jas. Evans,
" T. C. Rice,
" J. V. Hardwicke,
" S. Y. Landrum,
* " Powhatan Weisiger,
* " John F. Stagg,
" Chas. R. Allen,
* " George Whitfield,
" C. A. McElvoy,
" C. H. Wynne,
* " Joseph Hall,
" B. Slade,
" John H. Claiborne,
" R. M. Burton,
" C. W. Purcell,
" Thos. P. August,
" R. H. Dickinson,
* " G. H. Tompkins,
" P. D. McKinney,
* " L. W. Glazebrook,
" J. H. Crenshaw,
" C. B. Luck,
" Jas. L. Bray,
" Thos. B. Bigger,
" Jas. Beale, M. D.,
" Hector Davis,
" Thos. Vaiden, Jr.,
" Jas. S. Kent,
" John Thompson,
* " Geo. W. Curtis,
" N. B. Hill,
* " J. W. McKiel,
" Wm. F. Butler,
" Jas. M. Sublett,
" A. B. Eaton,

Sir D. S. Walton,
* " J. F. Dahlberg,
* " John H. Bosher,
" S. Myers,
" Andrew Johnston,
" S. B. Jacobs,
* " Wm. Nott,
" Preston M. Quarles,
* " John W. Wright,
* " E. E. Dudley,
* " W. H. Tyler,
" A. Barratta,
* " John Horton,
* " Wm. F. White,
* " A. S. Lee,
" J. D. Goodman,
* " G. W. C. Stratton,
" Henry W. Murray,
" J. L. Burrows, D. D.,
" John P. Little, M. D.,
" Jas. A. Scott,
" W. Peterson,
" J. W. Archer,
" John P. Ballard,
* " Thos. Ellett,
" B. Clopton,
" D. K. Weisiger,
" Jas. N. Shine,
" Saml. B. Brown,
" E. H. Lane,
" Thos. Skinner,
" H. D. Whitcomb,
" Wm. H. Hardgrove,
" B. T. Chalk,
* " J. W. Bransford,

Sir H. W. Fry, Jr.,
" John P. Roberts,
" P. Oliver Simms,
" A. A. Allen,
" W. D. Colquitt.
* " B. M. Harris,
" S. P. Mitchell,
* " Jas. R. Crenshaw,
* " N. Tinsley Pate,
" R. W. Wyatt,
" P. Trent, M. D.,
" John W. Davies,
* " Jas. E. Riddick,
" D. T. Williams,
" J. A. Hobson,
" H. B. Dickinson,
" Thos. Dodamead,
" Alex. England,
* " E. J. Warren,
" John H. Davies, M. D.,
" D. King,
* " J. W. McCandlish,
" C. E. Snodgrass,
" W. G. Richardson,
" Thos. E. Ballard,
" Saml. Peters,
" W. E. Wiatt,
" M. W. Yarrington,
* " A. McRae,
* " Clay Drewry,
* " C. W. Macmurdo,
" C. Campbell,
" B. J. Vaughan,
" J. N. Parker,
" S. Sutherland,
" H. H. Miles,

Sir V. A. Bowis,
" John N. Williams,
* " John Perry,
* " S. Jones, Jr.,
" E. R. West,
* " R. W. Drewry,
" John Temple,
* " M. W. Ford,
" W. H. Cullinsworth,
" J. C. Shields,
* " E. D. Ogden,
* " W. E. Tanner,
" C. C. Johnson,
* " Lyle Foster,
* " B. K. Pullen,
* " L. Maule,
" Z. Kidwell,
* " John T. Sizer,
" Rev. J. T. Points,
" W. J. Bevill,
" G. G. Gooch,
" Jas. Rauls,
" R. S. Powell,
" Rev. F. J. Boggs,
" R. Crouch,
" R. M. Anderson,
" E. S. Baber,
" T. H. Wynne,
" C. E. Wortham,
" Patterson Allan,
" Geo. W. Wiley,
" John McFarland,
" Fred. Butler,
" C. S. Dawson,
" Rev. J. Shrigley,
" Julian Kean,

Sir R. M. Nimmo,
" B. J. Johnson,
" Wm. Bradley,
" G. L. Betty,
" W. A. Wyatt,
" R. B. Snead,
Sir T. J. Deane,
" T. J. Evans,
" N. S. Walker,
" Jas. Lyons,
" Jos. Mayo,
" John T. Rogers.

No. II.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON ENCAMPMENT.

The following is a List of the Officers and Members of Boston Encampment, who received and entertained their brethren of the De Molay Encampment, on the return of the latter from their visit to Richmond, Virginia, May 24, 1859 : —

Officers.

*Wm. Ellison, *Most Eminent Grand Commander.*
Dr. Winslow Lewis, *Generalissimo.*
*Chas. B. F. Adams, *Captain-General.*
*John K. Hall, *Senior Warden.*
*Wyzeman Marshall, *Junior Warden.*
*Rev. Wm. R. Alger, *Prelate.*
*John McClellan, *Treasurer.*
*W. H. L. Smith, *Recorder.*
*F. C. Raymond, *Sword-Bearer.*
*Noah Butts, *Standard-Bearer.*
*Andrew Lanergan, *Warder.*
*Solon Thornton, *Third Guard.*
*Jas. M. Burgess, *Second Guard.*
*Henry C. Stratton, *First Guard.*
*Wm. C. Martin, *Sentinel.*
*H. G. Barrows, *Organist.*
*Jacob C. Phelps, *Armorer.*

MEMBERS.*

John B. Hammatt,*
Robert Lash,*
Samuel Wales,*
A. A. Dame,*
John Hews,*
Gilbert Nurse,*
John Flint,*
Daniel Harwood,*
Amos Stevens,
Z. B. Porter,
Benjamin D. Baldwin,
John R. Bradford,*
Hugh H. Tuttle,
Jacob S. Savage,
John Stevens,
C. Southworth,
Peter Dunbar,
William B. Hawes,
Samuel Pearce,*
E. M. P. Wells,
Loyal Lovejoy,
Lewis Rice,
Newell A. Thompson,
Joseph Barnard,
John F. Edwards,
Ebenezer Smith,
Nahum Ball,
Joseph Hall,
Abner W. Pollard,
Elisha V. Glover, Jr.
Francis A. Hirsch,
N. Y. Culbertson,
Calvin M. Thompson,
Joseph L. Ross,
Eben B. Foster,
Sanford M. Hunt,
Wm. M. Stedman, Jr.,
Henry F. Durant,
David Thayer,
William Bogle,
Sylvester Baxter,
Benjamin F. West,
Wm. K. Jones,
Edward B. Moore,
George M. Gibson,
Joseph W. Howard,
Samuel Jepson,
George W. Patten,
James A. Dupee,
John T. Heard,
T. Larkin Turner,
Chester Sanderson,
Ithamar W. Beard,
Amos W. Cross,
George Moulton,
John A. Robertson,
Theodore Atkinson,
Thomas C. Day,
Franklin F. Heard,
Samuel R. Spinney,
Richard M. Barker,
William Pearce,
John T. Gilman,
Martin W. Long,
Jesse P. Pattee,
De Witt C. Brackett,

* Those marked thus * are Honorary.

Alexander K. Bryer,
Joseph Chapman,
William Knapp,
John W. Lord,
Charles A. Morss,
Wm. P. Butterfield,
Thomas J. Herring,
Benjamin F. Nourse,
James A. D. Worcester,
William W. Bullock,
Ellsha J. Cleveland,
Chauncey Page,
Alfred A. Prescott,
Homer Rice,
Lewis A. Surette,
George H. Child,
Joseph P. Johnson,
Stephen S. Seavy,
William G. Train,
Charles E. Caneday,
Jonas Fitch,
George B. Swasey,
Jona. T. Spalding,
Thomas G. Whytal,
Joseph H. Bradley,
Richard Briggs,
Thacher Beal,
Thomas Hunt,
Henry E. Jocelyn,
Jeremiah Mahoney,
George H. Peirson,
Charles A. Smith,
Geo. W. Smith,
A. W. Banfield,
John Borrowscale,
Philander J. Forristall,
James A. Maynard,
Morris Mattson,
Samuel Mason, Jr.,
Robert L. Robbins,
Isaac F. Shepard,
J. E. M. Gilley,
George Young,
James L. Lincoln,
Stephen M. S. Pratt,
Samuel G. Clap,
Joseph J. Hewes,
Geo. L. Barr,
Elihu C. Baker,
Jabez F. Hewes,
George Haslet,
John D. Jennings,
William F. Davis,
Thomas Pember,
Sidney Patch,
Hamilcar Rice,
Charles T. Stevens,
William B. Whitcomb,
Alfred G. Taggart,
Thomas C. Savory,
Moses G. Cobb,
A. K. P. Joy,
Wm. E. Parmenter,
Caleb B. Watts,
James W. Lee,
Wm. E. Hough,
Merrick Blanchard,
Sylvester P. Gilbert,
Peter McIntyre,
Horace Barnes,
David Roberts,
Saml. Kennedy,
Frank O. Eldredge,
Henry J. Gardner,

Jona. E. Morrell,
Moses Tenney, Jr.,
Henry Blaney,
John A. Baxter,
Geo. S. Wentworth,
Wm. C. Morey,
Henry Mellus,
Saml. E. Weston,
Saml. C. Lawrence,
Wm. W. Clapp, Jr.,
Micah Dyer, Jr.,
John S. H. Fogg,
John F. Macomber,
P. Stearns Davis,
Wm. R. Huston,
Wm. Crook, Jr.,
Charles C. Southard,
Geo. H. Weeks,
David N. Skillings,
Steuben T. Bacon,
Edwin R. Sawyer,
Wm. L. Batchelder,
Noah M. Gaylord,
Geo. Marston,
Chas. C. Dame,
Freeman Baker,
Lester Holcomb,
Nathl. Hamilton,
A. K. P. Welch,
Charles B. Hall,
M. A. Moore,
Abel A. Adams,
Wm. Hobbs, Jr.,
Sylvester Trull,
Geo. L. Pratt,
Ivory Bean,
Ezra Forristall,
Wm. F. Knowles,
C. F. Dana,
John G. Case,
John F. Currier,
Francis A. Hall,
Saml. L. French,
Geo. Woodman,
Geo. I. Robinson,
R. E. Demmon,
Marshall S. Scudder,
Sanford Fifield,
Chas. B. Sanford,
Arthur Cheney,
Harvey T. Litchfield,
Danl. W. Lawrence,
Wm. W. Peirce,
S. B. Phinney,
James C. Bullen,
Jeremiah Dunham,
Wm. H. Calrow,
Curtis Guild,
Thos. J. Leland,
Frederick H. Calrow,
Geo. Watson Prescott,
Chas. L. Amory.

THE END.

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